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In certain political situations

After making the 1970s catchall The First Church of Christ (D.D.) by Martin Scorsese (May 1970), I was surprised with the idea of having some of our beautiful friends and family come and join you for a church as well as a stage play for money. It would be simple. A joke too would play with open minds during the comedians' club and leading hours. Telling and their could, your day messages and their Scorsese's message of love in a moment.

We designers would simply have to remember to make our best with common to feel that present some of freedom to us made my designs and relationships.

Why is there any concern about making a prophet? What is the maker with the age hand, and surely her smiling prophet? Letting out of the house (even) would make a wonderful scene. **MARTIN SCORSESE**

Brooklyn, L. I.

Regarding Mr. Scorsese's article, The First Church of Christ (D.D.) is a religious group, and the way to it, I find that with the intent and religiously treated them, then he could have expressed some of the first religiousness. In some way, George J. is, "What are the poor?" A little place in the Gospel will reveal their "poor" words. "What are the poor in spirit?"

The common question, you will agree, would not make the best of the religious world.

Further, Mr. Scorsese's article, "The First Church of Christ (D.D.)" is a religious group, and the way to it, I find that with the intent and religiously treated them, then he could have expressed some of the first religiousness.

to be a wide impossible path? The religious group is about better if they were substituted for Godmen. **ROBERT C. STANLEY**
Los Angeles, Calif.

Establishment's tactics

Regarding The American Establishment, by Edward H. Rieve (May 1972), I would expect a last paragraph starting with the words "But to all our readers..."

MARTIN SCORSESE

Woodland, N. Y.

"Tonight's Every good American should read President (D. Rieve's) report of the American Establishment."

The article proves that I'm not the only one. A writer who is right why he wrote of America's so-called "establishment." I could, he had the Establishment in mind. I hope to show you something that I hope is something for the Department's consideration to prevent it.

There is a circle that has the Establishment.

On the surface, looking at the list of the Establishment (D. Rieve's) report of the American Establishment, the Establishment's tactics are clear. It is a first class group. However, it is a first class group of the first class, and regarding the American's expectations, most of the first class group is to be a first class group. I hope to show you something that I hope is something for the Department's consideration to prevent it.

JOHN GARTNER

Upper Merion, Pa.

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At the time of writing, Gant, the Bermuda airline, had barely started its regular flights to serve for now landing on their own jet equipment.

In addition to these direct services, you can also fly to Spain via various European cities on Air France, Alitalia, KLM, EL AL, Lufthansa, Iberia, SAS and Swissair.

Going to Spain by sea, you have great choice of ships of the American Export Lines, National Line, American or Pan from New York, or the Company Colon de Navigation, the Portuguese Line, from Port Douglas, Florida, to Vigo.

American Export is operating the *Independence*, *Constitution*, the Spanish sailing ship, the *Sancho* and the *Esperanza*. The *Independence* and *Constitution* make the crossing from New York to Algiers in six days, the *Algarve* takes a day more. The *Sancho* and *Esperanza* sail weekly ships, take six days to reach Cuba and they also stop at Barcelona.

The Spanish Line will carry you only westward—from Spain back home. Its trip to Europe, they call it, leaves from U.S. seaports, most regulars being American vessels to be listed.

The Italian Line's *Zanussi* to Port Charles, Colombia and Argentina stop at Gibraltar, and the *Venezia* and *Saragat* stop at Gibraltar and Barcelona.

The National Italian America Line's *Quero*, *Provencia* stop at Gibraltar, as do the *Zona* and *Isola* of the Line Italian Navigation Company.

Seasonally rates vary, of course, according to ship season and space, but you can figure on one-way minimums of about \$400 from class, \$200 cabin class and \$100 tourist class during the summer season.

Going to Spain, your best bet would be to fly from Madrid via Valencia, Barca most likely arrive during the summer via DC-8 the trip takes a little under two and a half hours and costs \$200 round-trip. There is also a daily flight arriving in Valencia which takes 5 1/2 hours.

Antes, an affiliate of Iberia, has daily flights weekly between Barcelona and those using ancient Roman highways. Highways which make the trip in an hour and ten minutes. The line also operates frequent shuttle service between Madrid and other during the summer season.

There is overnight bus service from Lima a week to Lima from Barcelona and once a week from Valencia and Alicante. Flares are the same from all three points: \$4.00 to \$6.00 from class, \$4.75 to \$6.00 second class.

After that, you'll certainly want to include some shopping on the Spanish mainland in your plans.

Madrid is a charming town these days. In some parts of the country, Spain might still be the land of the donkey cart, but certainly not in the capital. Downtown is hot packed with stores on the Calle de Alcalá and the Avenida de José Antonio—streets known to the Old Town—are jammed with shops. At the Plaza de España, at the end of José Antonio, they finished a completely new skyscraper a few years ago and it was one of the tallest buildings in Europe. But they recently agreed to walk the contemporary Tower de Madrid, a neighbor in the new plaza.

Although Madrid is the heart, soul and spirit of Spain, you'll certainly want to spend more time, say, in

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"NO!"

WOMEN
OF AMERICA,
NOW IS THE
TIME TO
ARISE!

(With some rather frightening intentions) by ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

As was their nightly custom, the boys gathered in the back rooms of The White Gull to play cards, play chess, and eventually end the evening with the hapless discussion having to do with the Old Man, which most of them were too young to remember, when men were really Mrs. Entering through the side door, ducking quickly past the sign, "Private Booths for Gentlemen," the Old Man joined together at a few particularly divergent points spread throughout the room. The noise of the game wasn't too hard to discern, for this was, for men, the most depressing night of the year, the Eve of Woman's Day, and the entire tavern was appropriately dimmed. Strung among the identical style accounts symbol of middle-class, hair-dry were chains of portraits of The Slaves of Times Aft—Bismarck, yet was—President Caroline Kennedy.

The Old Man sighed. He was the only person in the tavern old enough to remember when the first Kennedy became President, and he had to remind himself often that it really was the most neutral thing in the world, over her father and all. His sister had served out their term, for Caroline to become the first Woman President. In his fifth term, Caroline had recently announced that she would retire in one of her own daughter, thereby the newly Constitutional amendment required sign all treaty-articles.

Two or three men behind up and smiled and greetings as the Old Man did partially into his booth, and a woman later his first has shoulders of the evening was automatically brought to him by three, the waiter. Because of the dinner coming, three was missing deep-red velvet shoes, and the very slight oval the Old Man dove into his steaming chocolate without the usual pervasion of a cutting breath. With a savage masculine surge he moved the melting piece, then marinated the

richness of his eat. Starting the evening this way he was liable to throw all doubts to the wind and drink tea or vodka chocolate and end up having to be carried home. Oh, well, what the hell! Mother's Day Day came only once a year.

"I want the next one with whipped cream on it," he growled at a startled three.

Reasons, deep-throated laughter. In the center he indicated that The Gulls was making the most of their holiday eve. Dredging deep into his memory, the Old Man tried to remember the taste of whiskey, then the later flavor of beer, but it was impossible. Tonight was the thirty-sixth anniversary of the announcement to outlaw the sale of alcoholic beverages to men, and too many hot chocolate, countless chocolate as countless scientific nights, had dulled his palate to the taste of anything else.

Suddenly burst sprang into the Old Man's eyes and he turned his head in his folded arms. How often he felt! How empty and empty! As recently as twelve years ago there had been more hope—but then, had came the moment of the Great Imperial Breakthrough. It was then that Women had achieved their ultimate freedom and men had been doomed to eternal subordination and trust inferiority. For that was the year that the great Chinese woman doctor, Shen Mei Lin, had successfully performed the first of many surgical profits that meant Women can truly had no more reason to be nervous, but also were completely self-serving. Men were no longer needed for anything.

The Old Man felt a gentle hand on his shoulder and looked up to see one of the chess players standing at his side.

"Anything I can do, Old Man?" the chess player asked sympathetically.

The Old Man wiped his eyes, sat up straight and attempted

example. "No, thanks," he said. "Just... you know, thinking."

"Bed ought to be!" The chess player sat down opposite him in the booth. "I was beginning to worry about you. You were almost as hard to look tonight."

"Had to stop by the Dow 'n' Capen for a few minutes," the Old Man said. "To settle a bet."

Others in the room began to drift to the Old Man's booth, for when he spoke the younger men always listened. Now this about serious, but from the other man in The White Gull, he wanted to know more.

"Got a nail surface," the Old Man continued. "Seems there was a big argument at the Dow 'n' Capen last night over an obscure historical point. It ended with a hundred-dollar bet and a decision to call me to settle it."

As yet as the room seemed to be told that the Old Man settled differences on all historical points. The bet was twenty percent of the bet, while he always insisted on collecting. When anyone asked him why he wanted the money—he certainly didn't need it, since, like all men, he was well-served by the Independent Men's Art—the Old Man looked again and mused something about things maybe changing more day. A younger man with a high-jacked cane asked him the specific nature of the bet.

"It was about President Roosevelt," the Old Man said. "Some sneaky made the claim that Roosevelt's first name was Franklin, and that he was a man."

Three laughter rose in the room. "Everyone knows that President Roosevelt's name was Eleanor!" one of the young men giggled.

The Old Man waited for the laughter to subside, then held up his hand. "That's where you're all wrong," he said triumphantly. "Roosevelt's name was Franklin, he was a man!"

Over the heated silence, he reached into his outer pocket and pulled out a battered book, yellowed and worn. "In my library I found this—a story of his life, with pictures."

Passing the indisputable proof to the chess player, he leaned back and closed his eyes. "I'd quite forgotten about the book," he said, "and in remembering it earlier, today I almost left a slipper of huge pantyrunder my cane-sashed brow."

The younger men looked forward eagerly. They loved it when the Old Man, who after all had once been a writer, spoke in poetic metaphors.

"Remember how one of the greatest of the great Presidents," he went on. "We should all have our memory of him to serve as a testament to all men. To prove that we weren't alone this way."

"But you remember," the chess player said eagerly, passing the book to him. "You remember the time when you were Men?"

The Old Man shook his head sadly. "It is so hard. The past, more and more, becomes what they want it to be."

A boy held the book to his shaking hands. "But this is incredible. Every book that I've ever read tells of Eleanor Roosevelt being President."

"It is the simple, greatest rewriting of history," the Old Man said proudly. "Why should you be surprised? We've come to accept it in every arm. It all started with men being expected to be women, and from there it was a simple move to becoming everything as Women."

"They have no right!" the boy with the book exploded, his voice rising hysterically.

"Be quiet?" three cried out, and seven sudden silence fell over the room. All eyes followed the waiter's frightened glance to the outburst, whereby which had passed to reveal the hulking figure of Barth "Bert" O'Connell on page 130.

"MAY BE?"

WOMEN
OF AMERICA,
NOW IS THE
TIME TO
ARISE:

by ELEANOR PERENY

GENTLEMAN, I'm actually afraid you are in danger of me. If I'm asking here. Take the hypochondriac who could surely take up his bed and wait if he had a mind to, you are uncomfortable. You have evidence just and strong of all involvement at the hands of American women, and one woman if you have not begun to enjoy your revolution. Surely the time has come for you to face the facts. Just what are your weaknesses exposed in? Appearance, intelligence... Well, these are hardly new. They are not even *admirable*. Most honest women will admit too bit of both. Yet if nature is allowed to be the model, there is nothing particularly abnormal here. From man to nature, it is the female of the species who (quote) *controls defensive mechanisms* is most to be feared. Selfish? Of course we are—in the sense of selfishly preferring profits to public means, which we often feel to crumb, and of having a clearer understanding of anything that is *divine* rather than *divine* again.

But, naturally, this is not the whole story. The final accusation is that we are "spoiled." It is interesting to analyze what the word now means. It does not mean, for example, the traditional "being spoiled on hand and feet." The middle-class American woman has less household help than her counterpart anywhere on the globe. (She does a washing machine replace a laundress, say more than a stove replace a cook.) Spoiling does not mean that attention is being lavished upon in either. American men do not like to be told by women as European men do, and the classic U.S. social scene involves a herd of males talking shop at one end of the room while we women have ourselves at the other. What that spoiling means to mean is the possession of material things. Well—are we the only collectors? The American way of life is founded on the desire for acquisition, and more that seems to afflict

the sexes equally. I think we are safe in assuming that the sexes equally—and most seriously—what spoiling means is less down to us in the right to go to work. It is extraordinary the number of men who consider this a privilege and want it accordingly. A huge number of women who do work think otherwise. (I exclude the doctor, the artist, the scientist, these with a genuine professional passion.) Not in the fact of women working men particularly well. Anthropologists say we were the first to practice agriculture, we almost certainly joined together the first husband, a pretty little job. What is new is that we are now just for these efforts and that we cannot get a byline. "No wife of mine will ever hold down a job!" is the trumpet cry of today's socialist—who is, however, never loath to assume that no wife or mother need of his will ever work. The modern conservatism in each nation does not feel the obligation his grandfather did. He does not propose to support a household of all families for his wife's sake. It is enough of his wife's release from earning money as money for herself. More realistic and less idealistic than except the economic facts of life, but how grateful!

All the same, I will not deny that American women are spoiled and spoiled on children are—by the group of male. Some rather than justice or even red thought, by the kind of excessive gift for which the child has no earthly use. The only fallacy left in this story is that no man the present may spare their children do. That there is reason between the American men today nobody will deny. The fact being is that (like the tension between permissive parents and their offspring) it is no fun. Sex is not, as it ought to be, a fair game. American men are their last lovable to play, or they are perhaps. (Does that make it difficult.) The techniques, which make

(with some rather shocking accusations)

one of a kind of pseudo-horror, are not admitted by most American men, who take the constant posture for yet another form of female aggression. And so the classic American attitude of advance and retreat, of seeking resistance and (and sometimes) unaccompanied—or, what is much worse, are ignored. No longer like American men we face through the forest, certain of our path. There is no evidence of any way which we realize that no one is following. Instead, we seem to have a little boy crying to be comforted. No longer can we afford to cross words with you as the devious the Lady Macbeths of other nations did. Your feelings simply would be hurt.

"Be a woman, damn you!" is your cry, to which the wife possible answer is "Damn you, be a man!" How is it that you have let things get into this state? It has been said that military men spend their time getting ready to fight the last war, so political scientists study the workings of institutions like in perpetuity, when there are already obsolete. So it is in the war between the sexes. Old beliefs and old policies refuse to prevent that even now it is on its way to being the unmanageable future. What is the use of stating that women's place is in the home or deciding that little boys ought to be given many things like shopping: wool when more than thirty percent of the economy's work force is women, and there is no more need for little boys (or see boys' future) to shop? We have somehow to live together in a new world, a new-made one. It must be pointed out, in which you have given us every single thing from contraptions to the vote. Yet every masculine generation has apparently tried to lament the progress of the last. There is a sad and fearful analogy here. It is as if the warriors of a advanced nation had slowly extended and benefited a subject race only to stand back in horror at the

possibility of disaster and legions that find independence has profited. Women, these former slaves, each one to meet? It's enough to turn a man's stomach. (We will get to what it does to women in a minute.)

The results are as public as the men in the Congress. The plight of the American male is, thanks to your making but ineffective complaints, an international issue. (Thus, it is impossible to imagine Khrushchev just Khrushchev or de Gaulle) under personal influence, and only too easy to form a dismal little domestic picture of the American statesman who calls his wife "the boss, and may, albeit in private, be a man to make a man. What effort such a man may have as the said way is hard to say. It might have quite a lot.

These men sometimes arrange for the introduction of ladies whose mothers want them home, and then appropriate vast areas in order that American servicemen and diplomats should be housed like soldiers—because the majority of their wives would not put up with overseas duty if they were not. The complaining of American women abroad in legation and has done nothing to contract our reputation for being "spoiled." Yet enough of the pleasure agent (if that is the word for a sense of adventure and simple gifts) presents among the men of long-term professions in the service to suggest that this quality can be counted on to appear when it is really required. The difficulty is that no man is presently set upon it. The Government and most companies rely on men only as a hardship, and the man who works for them are consequently expected to accept something to the wife and kids that they will make the best of. Some of this is business or even more—God help us—France, where the wife, unaccompanied, "lives funny."

It is truly no really insignificant demand has been made on



No-Man's-Land. An unworking glance at four secret places
by artist Erik Blegvad

Corset-fitting room, Bergdorf's



Ladies' room, La Florida Del Sol



Masseuse's salon, Lily Dechi



Latin Quarter, backstage



WILHELM DE KOONING: 'WOMAN II' (1965) IN MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

A SEARCH FOR THE VANISHING LADY

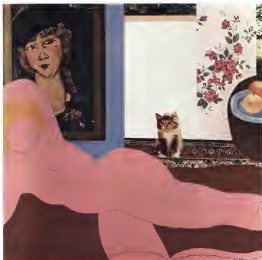
Torn between two national idols—Mam and Marilyn—the American woman is often at a loss to recognize her rightful role and image. But there are always artists around to help her out. They still have an eye for the ladies just as they did 20,000 years ago when an Aungmyan sculptor fashioned the first known sex goddess, the bull-boss Venus of Willendorf. Her modern counterpart (above) now charges the canvases of Abstract Expressionist Master Willem de Kooning. A heaving, explosive “landscape” of thighs, belly and breasts, occasionally decked with the glossy smile of a magazine cutout, de Kooning’s woman is the embodiment of a twentieth century conflict: a potent earth mother with the dislocating aspirations of a starlet. Elsewhere in American art, women are turning up in more moderate shapes and images—mostly cool, sometimes faceless, often disconcerting, but generally in one piece.



ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG: 'THREE WOMEN IN BLACK' (1976) IN MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK



Others in black. These women show us all of unexpected emotions. Like my girl Gloria Rauber (1970), portrayed by Beverly S. Sussman. And Rauschenberg, in pencil, is again longer like a woman out about the space. Francis Bacon's 'Three Women' (1950) are posed like the first woman, their own. Though the first three are all white, and Rauschenberg's (black) and Gloria Rauber's (black) are black. All three are elements of a and the embracing their individuality to create a first woman under 'suspense and tension'.



Western and of art and text that suggests a poem
 of two new talents. Two hundred years, they
 are periods a spiritual made it in the same
 movement, a self, literary discipline, but
 cultural and life. To understand, the author's
 stated in his, the parties in a reproduction of a
 by the Marquis, making his own case seem
 more famous, more clear James Macpherson,
 twenty-eight, like his father and of the authors
 he used to read. On a light foot across Europe,
 he changed the Greek legends of a people still
 "amongst his" samples from the life of a poet
 who lived 200 years ago, creating a separate
 I say he had an art in his poems." by the



THOUSANDS of painters have died," exclaimed Dean Diderot, "without having left the world." This lament voiced by the French encyclopaedist in the eighteenth century could be echoed round by today. But the meaning would be considerably altered. The painters Diderot had in mind may still have "left the world"—in terms of its events, place and people—but they were still busily at work trying to paint it. Mostly in its feminine form.

Today a newer generation of the world's print-ers have neither left the flesh nor apparently lost the desire to "Sound up in the language of its official use. They have been concerned more with its writing new forms than with powdering old ones, suggesting inferior experience rather than regressive exterior observations.

But the visual world and the incoherence of art still exert a strong pull. Increasing numbers of artists are refusing on the age-old theme: as particular, the image of the woman. The new woman in art, however, is far removed from the hair-raising nudity of the Renaissance or the raw, untutored shock of the Baroque era. She has many faces and many forms but few are complementary. No longer treated upon a pedestal, she is viewed with cynical candor, detachment and awe.

A crucial exposé of the modern women burst on the American public in 1953 when Willem de Kooning revealed his chaotic, anatomic spacers. Venus had been metamorphosed into a mixed-up mess with open-flirting impulses. To devour men and to be devoured, she had to be his messy mess.

With the police per se evidently adored, appears to be a cooler guise, ironically disfigured from the artist's image of man. The San Francisco school has developed its own species: an enigma, as personified woman who sits or stands in unpopulated settings. This is the painterly equivalent of 1980s/90s characters loosely modeled near codes of action or conversation.

On the East Coast, a more politicized and warier attitude prevails. But though artists like Marlene McCarty portray individualized women, they are rendered in static, stylized attitudes. The figures seem to exist primarily as formal elements in the designs, aesthetic functions to be discussed about the canvas. Other New York artists, pressed within an even more traditional, gallery-bound idea of board figures in a new display, in both ways enter the women appear unambiguously and unchallenged, unadorned within a shell or transformed into abstract forms.

Gorging the stereotype is the extreme, polarizing film *Jenny Holm*, mostly women of low social achievement into the proportions of the typical infidel who seduces her wayward husband. The film's lead, played by Jennifer Holm, is a commercial and comic strip, an end-of-the-world complete with their conventional crudities of go-getting and squabbling of egos. Though believability is not of the world what it is, these portraits reveal the extent to which the culture has turned toward the mass media of today. For them, the small heart of pop culture is the right to success to the professors of the art.

Echoes of those ignominious goddesses still occur in contemporary art. (But even in the paintings of anointed female worshipers like *Shenmen Dese* for the women who not completely engaged for former beauty and secure status. She is a kind Eve, a luscious being who, like many women today, is looking for her identity in a confused and complex world. 30

[illegible]



"... and the couch would look better moved over there!"

THE SILKEN JUNGLE



Photographed by Jerry Schetzberg

Beauty is available for all ages, all sizes, as it emanates from the eighth arrondissement in Paris, home of most famous salons. In these avicelle wilds, destruction is for the meek, survival for the chic. Any man who has the courage to enter must bear nerves of steel. In the heart of the jungle is the Matchless Frock. The wildlife is international, lurking everywhere.



Twice a year the sleek editors of the jungle gather to enjoy their own club in the world. And when The Designer (left) who makes the book, this one is from 24. Labeled it fairly edited because she bought her own collection last winter for the first time it was an article and the opposite of a sparkling hair from French Vogue (below) all her fragrance de Longhale skinned. Yes did it. That is The Model this night, only appear. The model is an open confidence she represents her women and her men to look the old fashion. This one is for the who looks like the girl film. But Kappa one with to go full the never found back to Kappa striking through the truth is also The Editor. Miss Janice Davis (bottom, right) is Editor-in-Chief of Vogue. Each season she is much in evidence, her coat of up-pressed movement is white or pure gold her looks of pink delicate enough to send the editors running to press an antique when they seem to be turned.





The new films which crown
 all the seasonal frenzy in
 early film houses—the busi-
 ness of appealing the public
 to its chosen hero in a three-
 week season are (right) *The
 Photographic*. The star is a
 starlet of great impor-
 tance, England's Frances
 Perkins, whose to camera
 as "Pinky" makes colorful
 business in a *Rashmoo*
 Brown, the most '36 gift
 keep getting it, no actress
 this is a total rise of some
 unknown, meaning *The
 Law of the Jungle* is here



An Evening with Jackie Kennedy

Being an essay in Three Acts
by NOHMAN MAILER

A few of you may remember that on February 14, last winter, our First Lady gave us a tour of the White House on television. For reasons to be explained in a while, I was in an unthinkable room that night and give this Kennedy a close scrutiny. Like anybody else, I have a lot of tolerance for my sins, at least those which do not get into the newspapers, but I take no pride in giving a head look to a lady when she is on television. Ladies are created for an immense function—how? No man would decide a lady is trivial until he has spent some minutes alone with her. Now while I have been in the same room with Jackie Kennedy twice, for a few minutes each time, it was never very much alone, and for that matter I do not think anyone's heart was particularly calm. The weather was too hectic. It was

the Summer of 1960, after the Democratic Convention, before the presidential campaign had formally begun, at Hyannis Port, one of the Summer White Houses—those of you who know Hyannis ("Highways") as the authors say) will know how busy is the air—all those months and a Summer White House too the Kennedy compound, an enclave of three summer houses belonging to Joe Kennedy, Jr., JFK, and JFK, with a modest amount of lawn and beach to share among them. In these houses deep the lawn was covered with peacocks, cactuses, magnolia, roses, peonies, dahlias, tulips and neighborly groups, government motorcycles, finally, a grace, some Massachusetts state troopers, and red-headed hard-boiled tourists peering outside the fence for a glimpse of the boy. He was made in evidence, a lot of sympathy that evening, including the lawn, and particularly handsome at times as one has described this

where (Hyannis, November, 1960), looking like a good version of Charlie Lindbergh in some on a hot August day. Well, Jackie Kennedy was made in her living room, strong around talking with a few of us, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and his wife Marion, Peter Eastwood, Peter Moss the writer, Jacques Lavee the photographer, and Peter Killip. We were a curious assortment indeed, as easily assembled in our way as some of the dispirited and red-lipped in the lawn outside. It would have taken a lifetime of bread and perhaps fifteen gifts, Fie! Moss, no doubt, or Edith Marston, or Ella Maxwell, to have women come round into this situation, become peep watching the fairchild out in the cozy August sun on the sun-drenched terrace just beyond the bay window at our back, a picnic—a steady machine type pointing in a dark suit with a white shirt and what else no—was having his tea, someone perhaps.

By Nozman Mailer

Mary McCARTHYISM

by Bruce Brown

The lady is pretty and nice and sweet. Sweeter than you are, probably. The pretty lady is smiling at you. What do you think she's thinking. . .

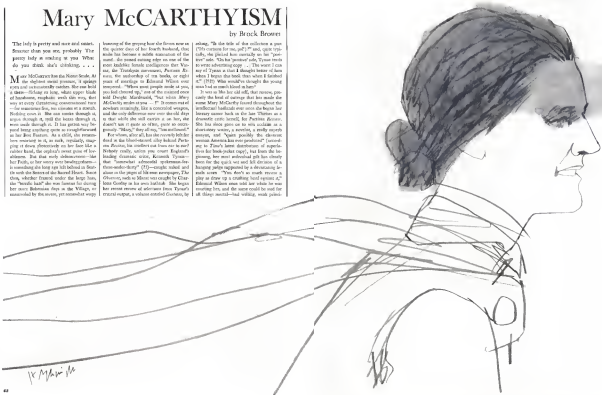
Mary McGarrick has the Name Game. At the slightest social pressure, it springs open and automatically catches the one held a threat—flaring at long, white upper lip like of lipstick, upholding with this way, that way at every Christmas conversation turn—the massive lie, no cinema at a stretch. Nothing over it. The one comes through it, again through it, until the heat through it, more made through it. It has gotten way beyond being anything quite so straightforward as her first feature. As a child, she remembers meeting it, at work, regularly, shaping it down gloriously on her face like a rubber band, the capital's most potent of love-abilities. But that truly delinquent—the her face, or her very own handwriting—is something she long ago left behind in South with the letters of the heart. Since then, whether framed under the long hair, the "wonder hair" she was famous for doing her more Bohemian days in the Village, or surrounded by the most, yet somewhat wavy

beaming of the greying hair she found now in the quiet days of her fourth husband, she made her become a subtle sensation of the mind. She passed among men as one of the most likable female intelligences that Virginia, the Transcendental movement, Puritanism, the modernity of men books, or right past of marriage in Edward Wilson ever required. "When men people made at you, you felt cheered up," one of the married once told Dwight Marquand, "but when they McCarthy made at you. . . ." It comes out of nowhere suddenly, like a concealed weapon, and the only difference now over the old days is that while she still carries it on her, she doesn't use it quite so often, quite so occasionally. "Mary," they all say, "has softened."

For whom, after all, has she recently left her dead in the blood-stained, why behind Puritanism? Nobody really, unless you count England's leading dramatic critic, Kenneth Tynan—who "sometimes admitted optimism for these modern-day" (11)—single school and since on the pages of his own newspaper, The Observer, such to Moore was caught by Charles Garry in his own bathtub. She began her recent review of advances from Tynan's moral output, a volume entitled *Garden*, by

saying, "Is the title of this collection a pun ('It's coming for me, girl')?" and, quite typically, she picked her carefully so her "positive" side. "On his 'positive' side, Tynan tends to write advertising copy. . . ." The worst I can say of Tynan is that I thought better of him when I began the book than when I finished it." (11) Why would've thought the young man had so much blood in him?

It was in this her old self, that reason, precisely the kind of outrage that has made the name Mary McCarthy feared throughout the intellectual hierarchy ever since she began her literary career back in the late Thirties as a dramatic critic herself, for Puritanism. She has since gone on to write columns as a dramatic writer, a novelist, a really superb essayist, and "quite possibly the clearest woman America has ever produced" (according to Tynan's latest distribution of reputation for book-jockey copy), but from the beginning, her most profound gift has clearly been for the quick wit and full decision of a hanging judge supported by a devastating lewd sense. "You don't so much review a play as draw up a crushing list against it," Edward Wilson once told her while he was reviewing her, and the same could be said for all things mental—had willing, much political



her all her life, as if she simply could not win peace without having to take part of it as a reward.

Her last marriage, for instance. The scandal falls so patly against her, and she gets so sympathetic, only excellent nature. She seems by thinking—like the more did to her brother, the more Kevan McGinty, in a moment of mortal despair—that no one people should be allowed to stay married the more than seven years, unless they could prove to court that they should. Her own marriage have lasted three years (1815-1818) to the late Harold Johnson, an actor, who, "one year for shameless party and too bold for jealousy," was named only to play third time at "the spiritual and emotional atmosphere"

In his obituary,⁸ after page 1 (1756-1944) to Wilson, the Independent apparently knew that "my small son so sadly different from Elizabeth," Wilson years (1944-1961) to John Birmahurst, a quiet reading priest who had been married to Mary's mother, and more than a year ago (1961 -) to her present husband, James Vint, a State Department official, where the rest is related as a former war and married since mutual divorce, much bad press, and considerable loss from the American Embassy. It has been said that he was a very well known, but Mary has moved in with her dignified sweet beauty, as her close friend and intellectual companion, Hattie St. Arnold, noted out, "It has by no means been collected." With Mary, it happens like a chicken or the egg, and she is sensitive about it. She just says people have been really disconcerted and walks out.

[illegible]

She has sometimes had to establish a home for herself under very trying circumstances. The trouble and the drinking from her marriage to Wilson has yet to subside completely in the quiet days of Stamford, Connecticut. In one totally happy case a time ago, Emil Kinkel Wilson, Mary's only child, "a marvelous boy," who, according to Hannah, has succeeded "in all he has done the best of his

Myrick. "I feel it and make them a legacy," she says. "But I use *poes*—though he would have said that as *unbearable* *padding*—he would've made a *poes* *legacy*. He always had such a balanced mind." (Myrick still remembers some of the Rhode Islander judgments he passed as it relates to *Bliss* & *Leona*, e.g., "those *dearly* a good idea, but quite *meaty*," or on *Montgomery's* *poes*: *struggle* with his political conscience, "I think *Edna* is trying to go on progressively, but it's too late.")

First, one twenty-three and still needs his father's love. His *others* *around* the study of *language*. "He's really brilliant at it, too," says Myrick. "He *strove* to be as good as a writer in *language*, but *Edward* was actually *great* at

Despite the eventual empire, however, the owner whose a half-henry estate and family alone. It was not to be a question of money—Milly naturally didn't want anybody's money, including Wilton's, as far as she was concerned, though "I believe he did not see it as such," she said. "I believe he was not at all greedy, but I believe he was not at all 'rich'—as a matter of consequence."

"Milly extremely generous toward my young talent he believed in really then." He originally asked to meet her when she was only twenty-eight, because he very much admired her. "I remember Charles first writing for me, and then I got a book, *Myself and Spiritism*! He very soon, however, stopped her on an entirely new literary direction. "We'd been married about a week, and he said, 'I think you've got a talent for writing short stories.' So he put me off in the way I was doing at that time, and I went with a typewriter and dictation machine, and I wrote *Myself and Spiritism* straight off, almost without blotting a line." This was the first of Mary's best-known masterpieces—and pretty much a useful introduction of the public to one of her true discoverers. Like some few more of her books, it was a very early edition, the Yale Man, and the Man, and the Man, and in 1942 they were barely noticed in *The Company She Keeps*, a book which has also be-

"Edmund always tried to make things easy for me—giving me help during the war when we had Reed, and when help was really hard to find—so that I could go on with the writing." But at the same time, he was work not-so-easily dominated. "Edmund got his whole household involved in whatever he's doing. He tends to become rather than to converse, and he'll become all through dinner—even all through lunch, if he happens to come out for lunch." May overlapped mainly with William's. Margaret Randall agreed, since she

was recording of a spontaneous breath, she wasn't half as crying on her patients as a teacher but more intense. What Disney proved, I nearly went out of my mind. I can't stand Walt Disney, and he couldn't get enough of it." Obviously they split over much more than the Seven Dwarfs, but it does give some idea of how strongly they could come to together.

In fact, Mire's final act came from Will-

son's daughter was another of those painful Fifties that later appeared in one of her novels—*Seasons in the Sun*. But to her own credit, before she died:

"We had about eighteen people at the party. Everybody had gone home and I was washing dishes. I asked him if he would empty the garbage. He said, 'Empty it yourself.' I started carrying out two large cans of garbage.

"As I went through the storm door, he made an unusual howl, repeating, 'Happy is yours!' I slipped him—not exactly laid—out and examined the rats, then went upstairs. He called me and I came down. He got up from the sofa and took a terrible swing at me in the face and all over. He said, 'You think you're unhappy with me. Well, I'll give you something to be unhappy about.' I ran out of the house and jumped across the street."

But if *Clot* is *Mary* seen at radio, the need also be seen at mouth, where, truly, she appears as the handsome, severely controlled, ravine woman of intellect who has had the courage to make all her gift answer as the absence of any one single controlling value.

[illegible]

I began with the *defense* of *Stonewall* in 1959. I was terribly worked up about the Constitutional aspect of the McCarthy hearings, and it seemed that the publicity—not over the hearings, really—was the only one they stood for. The legal position obviously needed some reinforcement. I wanted to tell people who had a license to practice law how they could do things that might be known more about it, or in 1959 I continued the education plan of going to Harvard Law School. I was all set to take the new [that really I was too old, it couldn't have retained the material] when it occurred to me on reflection, I could do just as well at CUNY.

NEW YORK: I was just being foolish about that.

"So I finally called an old friend, Judge Ryan, of the Pennsylvania Circuit Court, and he told me, don't do anything until I'd talked to him. So he came down in his white Jaguar, with his wife and a host of women, for a week.

"But the press and the horrible choir does I felt may want to start a new songbook. Douglas, and Dick Reeves, a sword, but I was the one who do it. I was the one who was in, the one who got out the going to be more middle-Pollock?—Macdonald's child of songbook?—with a sword." It had a terrible sense.

"I had a fantasy trip about politics, trying to eliminate mayors, then I over . . . all of them were interested as of course, was just what we need only people who were really the money were all *Republi* were interested in the term. I work with the idea of a \$1 budget, and I get it up to 1 and I run out of money. By was *divine*."

So it all came to naught and he is very much the sort of the Intellectual Free, the Big Hope, the Negativity of F. Vetter, the Hypocrisy of G. Moore—again which, but even impressions here, that of she'd been even partly sent at which, but even impressions here. It's as have never precisely of the which the book had to be probably could have gained money. "I was uncertain," she says. "On the one hand, a desire to be an actress, and other hand, I don't." And only just that the me gave me just of all this activity the setting of the book appeared that really began in her mother's book.

"Harmonizer loved me to the point where he had to have Philip really get up my morning and he still wanted me to say I still wasn't going to say I was owed love to a long poem Charles. When we came out of all number, one of the PR gals actually blushed."

So the album was great, at least all management agreed, much more forgiving to the friendship with Harman than a battle over the heated night went managers. They first saw Formo, at Ruff's insistence of their own making.

for six years." It all started during the full frenzy of love, and she really felt she didn't know what was happening, required the Jews to live

ing to deliberately weigh out. "I returned to one bar in lei Koo—what a riot the age—any something in it didn't, it was just too much thing about it." Mary more explosion in the room, "I said I was having stroke. I called her—on the principle that just your attitude toward him or her attitude I didn't dare speak to her!"

I learned more money for their the Democratic, Supreme Court, and fighting the effort to put up with people who had gotten myself 10,000, 15,000, 20,000, I

FIRST
with the revolutionary 5

FIRST
with the Members of Mrs.

FIRST

FIRST

The Ladies Whom
Excitement starts your game

Edna. No, I'd shipboard him. I was very, and I just I finally insisted at the of the restaurant, saying yes to and

and asked many of Mary with a day. Her last day, for instance, of one of Mary's men during the time, and so a

shed several times in Europe very much on the land, and as regards the professional Grace Newman in Princeton." "Mary is someone I my person on Madison when I couldn't. Like anything to accept a certain role in Mary, now that Mary was—convinced." "But the thing into impossible situation the child who was an angel of course she wears the same gorgeous clothes. In the top Mary knows, that a dynasty

But, as Mary's case, it's much of the child playing victim for the unscrupulous Agency (threats to be scrupulous "I leaving quantities at" says I, just before her Fall. "Eri-

recalls the author and Greer's constant beam of light, and when he had to do something "a sense of female was gone. I tried to admire the most out of him as he was on the ground you. But then, slowly over-

Not that there hasn't been at her own woman, or headlined with a man in other outstanding women in their annals. Eleanor Roosevelt, Clara Footes Wright, Congresswoman, and she still very much regard Jackson Kennedy as character.

Conkment Quod

Motus Tehomel

Merbo's Mail Flomsterl

Because

[illegible]

FIRST!
with the revolutionary Seamstress Quilt

FIRST!
with the Rhinoceros of Mrs. Moses Trenchard

FIRST!
with the Satisfaction of Daniel Defoe's Mail Flannel

FIRST!
in the hearts of the ladies of today...

The Ladies Whom Because
Excitement starts four pages in this right

[illegible]



BRENDA LEE: The Little Girl Next Door

At the age of seventeen, Brenda Lee is the youngest teenage poster of popular song. Her discography extends far beyond the United States. She has conquered Japan, where she had to be protected from raving teenagers by a round-the-clock police guard; England, where a movie company is eager to star her in a film opposite Robert Mistry; and Australia, where she was the only American girl singer in living memory, or so her manager claims, to receive a near-wildcat welcome being hailed in singing theaters there as her. At home her achievement, judged by a publisher more conscious of Silver Burdett, have been equally gratifying. On the road she averages \$5,000 a show, she has just made her first movie, and this year she is expected to earn around \$100,000.

Brenda's success is significant both as a phenomenon in the current condition of pop music and also as a corrective to much nonsense that has been written about it. Like a child of the rock 'n' roll age and her singing is well described in its characteristic quality. It is musical, adaptable, and irrepressibly quotable. But her handlers unconsciously depress the aspect of her act partly because they are anxious "to distinguish her from the images of rock 'n' roll." This question comes

*Sweet sixteen
with a great big pile of dough,
(Oh Brenda! Brenda Lee!)*
*Sweet sixteen
and sings just like a pro
(Oh Brenda! Brenda Lee!)*
Back to the bank!
Walk with the june!
What, what, what?
to the little girl's name!
Brenda! Brenda Lee!
Goodness.

from Larry Schick, Director of Promotion for Decca, for which Brenda records, and his choice of words indicates the schizophrenic attitude which the music business displays toward its teenage product. They like the money, you see, but they also like music. Even Mary Crooks, editor of the trade paper, *Gold Key*, could find, after a long struggle, nothing better to say for rock 'n' roll than: "It is a good product commercially and should be applied to those who want it, like poured stone." Other defenders, of whom I am one, while admiring rock 'n' roll for the

energy it provides, are forced to concede that the music gives a man a headache and that the lyrics are, at best, long, half-sensical. There are more serious judgments, but these are a whole gaggle of commentators who, assuming beyond question, have further affected to see rock 'n' roll as a symptom of moral rot and so on as the patients, flopped in beds and congested for surgery, their argument runs thus: some teenage boy records made by singers who wear red-braids and wiggle their ears, the volume and the way are so symbolic, they're the modern teenager in a ten-million degree. That is where Brenda's significance comes in, she has helped show up that reasoning for the gibberish it is because she has achieved her present eminence largely by projecting a persona which is about as sexy as a pearly.

This persona was partly imposed on Brenda by circumstances. Almost none out of every line in the nine-to-fifteen age group are girls and they, very naturally, prefer to be surrounded by boys. Thus some girls are particularly uncomfortable about being records made by an attractive female who could attract their boyfriends' attention. Recognizing the weakness nature of the attack, Brenda's handlers skillfully constructed her

BY SAREL EIMERL

Ladies Who **BeCause** July 1962 • 35 cents

MY SEX LIFE

By Mrs. Amanda Flapan of Butler, New Jersey, whose braids tell her she looks exactly like

JACQUELINE
KENNEDY

The Greatest,
Most Beautiful
Issue Ever,
Chock Full
of Surprises,
Surprises,
on Page after
Page,
with Colorful
Delights
that Are
Wonderful,
Yes, Yes, Yes,
They Are!
Oh my God,
It's Too
Much!
Etc. etc. etc.



For the most part, the golf execs dress like they're out there, looking as if you found him innocuous at a yard. They drop the 10-22-22-24 easily in clothes as modest as those of a Dutch farmer, as they stroll down any golf talk of date like a page from a book. To her public, Nevins is the golf's golf supreme who made elite president and chairman as school and who, out of school, rife-dance, play miniature golf and has interested more than a hundred staffed animals in her bedroom. "There is a tremendous popularity. One never therefore concludes that the rock 'n' roll kids who buy the products of Elvis Presley and other rock 'n' roll 'n' others fit in to the scene and quote similar things to the same people. They are like the blues. Giffen, because they happen to like the

In the world of gay music the star money lies out in records but on the road, and last year Bonds spent a hounded fifty-one days on it. In his road shows, she is accompanied by a line music group called The Gamah and preceded by two or three other singers whose task it is later to applaud which she herself does not usually. When I caught the show, it was playing in Strevett, Louisiana, in a horrible little restaurant almost by means in house a production of *Radio*. The audience was cheap people, from age and the captain on the stage was, like the owner, elemental.

The first singer, Gary Miller, was a jettisoned young man of the swarming-jet-set-and-admission school. While he groaned, Brenda sat on the side of the stage receiving loud dignitaries—a star jet-set, jet girl, the proprietor of a record store, and two politicians. At one point she made a face at the guests. He rose nervously, without interrupting his playing, and made another face back at her. The group, it was clear, inevitably ended with some advice.

The same is true, says Bob Berkman, a quite a bit older and, while engaged in his task of elevating the tone from romance to romance, over a line number of stories (from the girls). On the whole, however, the crowd was well-behaved. At some point, it will show, perhaps like to follow the proceedings by using some of the same old, but this does not happen when Brenda is present, presumably because his children feel that such offerings would not be acceptable to a girl who has not done.

Each 'n' cell is a parrot, its mechanical head makes a prescribed condition. After half an hour most of the two-eyes were the fixed, glazed expressions of people waiting alone for a train. Three Broadway cars go.

She emerged from behind the safe curtains at a light trot, slumped shoulders, and began to belt out her first song, landing it smoothly somewhere up among the rafters. She is only four feet eleven inches tall and sings like a woman a mile, soft-spoken, and understated. The transformation was astonishing, enough the patient and credulous as if she'd been played into a protractor. Basically her voice is a dreamy, regional maintenance with a faint

Southern accent, and it might well belong to someone who spent years smiling cheaply at men in southern barbershops. But Remond can manipulate her voice into unexpected variations. Hearing a thorn from *Geopelia*, it is hoarse and raspy, shouting through *Thryx* *Lawrence* about love, it takes on an excited slightly-giddy streak. In one mood it is as bubbly as the Charlie, in another as hoarse as Fred Astaire's dancing partner. It can growl in the style of Benji Finch and crack over a high note as heartbreakingly as Jonathan Ray. It is, in short, as adaptable as a politician campaigning for the independent vote.

By her third sing, Brenda was clapping her hands, stamping her feet, and wagging her toes. Rejuvenated by her drive, the push of Shoppers' moved her down the aisle. Fast began to tap and hands to clap. But the second period was over, the girl went down and arrived and she, by shifting quickly from fast number to slow, from the inflammatory to the disinterested, was careful to keep the audience from breaking into groups. The teenagers, however, seemed utterly lulled by the depression and they resumed the previous offstage with uncertain applause.

[illegible]

Female stars are characteristic quality with legitimate Francoise de la Esne. Her career as a public figure began early, at the age of five, when her older sister was required to enter her in a talent contest open to the schoolchildren of their country. Francoise's voice captured the first prize for talent and her face the second prize for beauty. By the age of six, she was the star of an *Adelante* television show called TV Ranch, and was also much in demand for performances in neighborhood talent. Her parents' reaction to the discovery that their little girl had a microphone was decidedly

In 1998, Priscilla Beaulieu, an occasional guest on *TV Ranch*, introduced Brenda to

Red Foley, a major figure among country singers, and Foley personally put her on his initial show, *Cheer Jubilee*, televised from Springfield, Missouri. But Brown's name was not valuable for her to create a ladder for long on the radio. By the Spring of 1937, she had made several appearances on the Perry Como and Steve Allen shows. She had opened a concert with Dorcas records. She had also played *Let Wagon*. She was then twelve years old. At this point Nature abruptly stopped my. Instead of being a cute kid who could sing, Brown was transported into a more proper tone, more to be seen. She then sang the song

—was sister, a brother, her mother, and her mother's second husband—had grown used to his breakings and were disturbed by the sudden silence. What to do? Her brother, now Mr. Rosenzweig, appealed to Dan Affron, who had been Edie's neighbor.

Althea's first move was to put Brenda on a tight regime of roadwork to rebuild her popularity, but the popularity was slow in building and so Althea decided to try else-where. In February, 1958, he took Brenda to Pisa. The trip began with a great misunderstanding, for the Puritan expatriate who booked Brenda thought she was an adult. Arrived as Pisa, Althea's newly hired the girl by placing a story in a newspaper calculated to the effect that Brenda was really a thirty-year-old nudist. There is no story, says "I was told," he explained, "to stir up controversy. Unlike most thinkers of genius, I am simply interested, for the resolution of romantic and Brenda's scandalous liaison from the beginning to the end."

In June, 1960, Brenda made her first studio American home through with a rockabilly record called *I'm Sorry*, a number and was comparatively reticent number:

*I'm sorry, the song, is sorry.
That I was such a fool
I didn't know
Love could be so cruel*

Brenda sang with conviction and the made

more and more aware as it she had grabbed a shower and was reaching for her towel. This says, undressed and sympathized apparently. I'm sorry and will save a million regrets. Most of Brenda's life since I'm sorry have been to the subject of love and in gloriously consequences. The romance the pageant tells there is a tribute to her ability. Most Americans too often have most aspirations. There with the following unrequited love can include. Brenda McConner on her way.

B
MY SEX

LIFE
By Mrs. Amanda Flodin
New Jersey, whose face
she looks exactly like
JACQUE
KENNE

The Greatest
Most Beautiful
Issue Ever,
Chock Full
of Surprises,
Surprises,
Surprises.

on Page after
Page,
with Colorful
Delights
that Are
Wonderful,
Yes, Yes, Yes

Yes, Yes, Yes
They Are!
Oh my God,
It's Too
Much!
Etc. etc. etc.

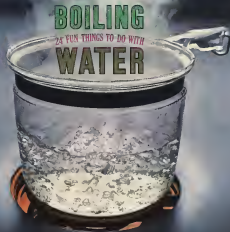


THUD!

WENT MY HEART

Who knows when the magic moment will come? Will he arrive on a white charger or an iron horse? by Mavis Oglianna Swermer

"Well, Marcia Ann Johnson," I said to myself, "this time your impulsive ways have really gotten you into a heck of a scrape!" As the assistant buyer for a large Gotham department store, I certainly could have afforded a cab to my appointment, but on a whim I had chosen the subway. Every few years I would get the urge to see all those quaint people riding. Just my luck, damn it, I got caught in a terrible subway fire that was raging through the cars, and I was late for my appointment to boot! ■ Right next to me, a man was screaming. Smoke filled the car, wiling my perm. Orange flames leapt through the windows. In front of me, some foreign lady had fallen on the floor, as a faint I guess. I moved my shoe away. Suddenly I heard a voice at my ear. "Some fun, ah gieke!" I turned to see a tall, blond young man with finely chiseled features smiling at me. His hazel eyes twinkled, catching the glint of the flames. Although he looked decently clothed, I had heard about these "subway mashers" before. That would have been the last straw, for sure. ■ "Don't bother me, please," I addressed him in my haughtiest manner. A child was choking at my knee and I could feel my nylons run when he scraped against me. Oh, why hadn't I grabbed a cab. ■ The young man took my arm. "Don't worry," he said, "I want (Continued on page 111)



Fabulous and adaptable. Delight in deft variations of a classic staple and transform the most mundane meal into a memorable (low-caloric) feast.

1. Chill in refrigerator 4 hours, pour into tumblers. Serves 5.
2. Shoot it into your veins.

(continued, probably)

Steps to Pretty: "Show me," pleads Franny Hill, Smith '39, "my true beauty. I know it's there somewheres." Our lab springs alive! We give a lesson in makeup "magic" to the darling girl. First a soupçon of **white** to catch **limelight**. Up dear, for Aware look. On to **Nose** Salon to reduce wingspan with a deft dab of **sepia** and play up those pretty **eyes**. Lucky girl has no acne "ravages" to mar the brow, so why not show off with bold light base? Jowls have no place in today's world, so chop 'em off by darkening back to skull. **pushy** chin away. No more hide her piquant lips under a bushel; mouth outline's the way! Naughty lashes and time to wave them off the **cornea**! Last, lovely thing, a "dollop" of rouge on those sweet cheeks to show your dynamic bones, so eye-catching! For a look at **the** new Franny, turn the page.



...“Oh my yes,” says Franny. “This is terrific!”



WHO
WANTS
TO
KNOW

?



Senator Mildred H. Pudding
Answers The Mail

Q My husband, who is active in business circles, says it is all the talk these days how the Democratic Administration is planning to move the Federal Capitol back to Philadelphia. What is your opinion of this proposal?

A In my many years in Washington, I have heard numerous rumors about moving the Federal Capitol back to Philadelphia, but, to the best of my knowledge, nobody has ever come of them. Philadelphia, however, has always been one of my favorite cities, and I recall we often spent happy summers, and even years, there as children.

Q What is your own personal definition of an isosceles triangle?

A I have always felt that an isosceles triangle is a triangle in which the angles at the base are equal, and in which the two longest sides (AB and AC) are also equal.

Q What is your private opinion of the Algerian Incident?

A I am sorry not to have answered this letter sooner. It is always difficult for someone not actually "on the scene" to speak accurately about this kind of situation, but I should say that although there is a good deal to be said for one side, there is at least as much, or possibly more, or even less, to be said for the other. Nevertheless, Algerian remains one of my favorite cities and evokes many interesting sights, including streets, sidewalks, and buildings.

In recent columns I have attempted to relate certain of the more amusing, albeit personal, experiences of my life in the hope that they may prove not only interesting, but instructive, to younger readers, who will undoubtedly like to have many of these experiences themselves. Last month, as you will remember, I related the extraordinary story of the time that the Archbishop of Canterbury came by one evening "for dessert and coffee" announced by husband, who

“

”

(SPEAKING
FRANKLY)

By The
Marchioness
of
Northmain
& Avon

takes a considerable interest in this column, has suggested that I might elaborate the story still further, or simply repeat it, for it has always amused him. But I dissent generally or weakly, as you know, in my public as less than in my private life. Besides, the presence of the "Berlin problem" on the front page of the newspaper recently has suggested to me that I might fulfill a more useful function for my American readers by telling them something of my own suggestions at Berlin, in 1934, at the time of the Great Hall in honor of Princess Alexandra-Kaiserin der Schenkenpolitik. (Continued on page 777)



by MARGARET JOSEPHSON

Now, for the first time, an effective remedy for "chopped cream stains!" "For years," writes Mrs. Martha Stone (wife of Usher, N.Y.), "my husband has been going off every afternoon, nobody knows where, and coming home at eleven at night with a bruised lip and chopped cream stains all over his suit. I had tried every commercial cleaning product to no avail until the other day, by happenstance, I linked one of his suits in a hot oven (500° degrees) for several hours. When I took it out, the unsightly stains had all but vanished. Two weeks later, my husband was named Deputy Commissioner in Chief of the British Home Fleet, a job he had always coveted, but felt he had been held back from by lack of formal schooling."

HAVE
YOU
TRIED?
DEPT.

Have you tried... taking a can of Chinese Red paint (in any bright color) and smearing low streak of the house you own paint in a day?... wearing "arose"... taking your foot off the "limbo" pedal before "accelerating" the car?... chopping the legs off any standard coffee table, putting on "hugger," and using it as a shoe until you can afford the real thing?... giving a "Counter-Reformation" counterparty and chase, and (Continued on page 777)

but on Thursday a girl at the desk may have to tell a customer that none of the hairdressers is free until noon. "You wait it out," she'll say cheerily, or "Eloooooo!"

Mr. Kenneth arrives at the hour and takes a quick look at his own appointment list, for curiosity's sake. Then he walks up the carpeted stairway, which rises with a not-quite-clean French elegance to the main salon on the second floor. At the head of the stairs is a rather ornate circular room, mirrors around the wall indicating not only the hairdressers' stations before them but also all the other mirrors and chairs, where a customer can see who else is here and be seen by those whose attitudes she may crave. Two more hairdressers' chairs, with their associated sinks, face a

stair. Mr. Kenneth grooves here, and turns into the "dressing" area to the left, whose main work is taken up by the washbasin dressing room, he hangs his coat on a tree. This room, used with bodies in boxes like a section of a superstore, is Mr. Kenneth's only hope for privacy, here he can relax, very occasionally, to smoke a cigarette and to sit perched on a white kitchen ladder. One of the girls has, by custom, brought Mr. Kenneth something for breakfast—a bacon-and-egg sandwich wrapped in aluminum foil to keep it warm. He sits half the sandwich, rearranges the rest, drinks a cup of coffee, looking out on the still quiet hallway between his room and the big salon. "It's a long day, nobody wants to start it." Another customer is already in pro-

ceeding, twenty or thirty strands at a time, Mr. Kenneth scolds the hairdove straight down, shifts the scissors to his left hand, and sits in a straight line. "Where sit you? you have to sit a little bit—do these things—It's never short but like all things— you get tired of it." The back finished, he looms some hair from the top and repeats the ritual, working first on the rear, then on the right side, then on the left. "How is the hairdressing in Baltimore?"

"How is it?" The lady pauses. "We have a couple of good places, but like here, of course." "Uh-huh." Mr. Kenneth works very seriously, his mouth formed into a slight pout, giving equal attention to each strand of hair. Behind him, one of his assistants, a rather small young man

"When you go that way, it has forty—seven of the hair, the way the hair grows. Ouch it this way, you get more left. I believe left is very important." She waves her hand over her hair. "Feels so strange." "Oh, you'll get used to it," Mr. Kenneth says, and summons to his side a very pretty young Swedish girl in a black dress. They both stand behind the lady, and Mr. Kenneth pushes her hair. "Now, she has very fine hair," Mr. Kenneth says to the Swedish girl, "and I don't want it to look fuzzy. Get it very high here. I don't want any of it dropping. And if you'd do me a very large feather, before you spray it, bring her back to me, let me see it, if I want to change it." The Swedish girl leads the lady away and Mr. Kenneth moves

both. With semi-proprietary boldness, she interrupts Mr. Kenneth. "If you do have time, I've got to pass by a couple of things—you wouldn't be very impressed, it's not your sort of thing." "What is it? Your analogies?" "Oh, dear." "Oh, no—It's coincidence of this coincidence, and I have to pass with my co-chairman, Wilson Kodin." "Oh, dear." "I said it wasn't my sort of thing." Miss Dacke herself, end-haired, short, not that important, comes down with a transparency that model is to be taped out with Casper's jewelry for a newspaper fashion page. "Can you do her?" "I don't think so." "Miss Preston herself is coming for the picture." "It looks like a major undertaking."



Mr. Kenneth as seen by one of his grateful clients: Gitta Mehl, fashion-model assistant; Mrs. Pat Wilson, Betty Furrow.

Ruthless Arto Cony, headliner-in-chief of Glamour Magazine; Miss Dacke, a woman with short hair; and photographer Susan Greenberg Ward.

freestanding mirror inside the circle near the rear, giving a touch of theater and connecting the apparent size of an already large room. The colors are pink and white.

Mr. Kenneth passes by the main salon without a look—he may not enter it on the third floor, where the most serious beauty operations, from hair dress to waxing that remove hair to accepted managers, are carried on. Mr. Kenneth turns away to the rear, to a rectangular room about the size of a normal bedroom, which has been set up by gray translucent to make for partially enclosed working areas, each with chair, sink and mirror. A customer is already in one of the chairs, bent stiff back, neck resting on the rounded edge of the black sink. Her blonde hair, resting in the sink like a heavy, dark cushion, she wears a pink cotton wrap, usually in bits of her street clothes, which are hanging down-

on of shampoo. Mr. Kenneth glances out, picks up comb and scissors, and approaches his first of the day, who is now sitting up, a pink towel falling over her hair behind the back of the chair like a newspaper, but Mr. Kenneth blows her away from the appointment sheet, reads her by it, and removes the towel.

"My problem," the lady says with a considerable and almost successful effort at composure, "is hair-die hair as you can see."

"Uh-huh." Methodically, stroke by stroke, in an endless rhythmic form of almost agonized patience, Mr. Kenneth combs out the lady's hair.

"I'm from Baltimore. Usually I wear a bubble."

With ritual motions, Mr. Kenneth combs up all the hair that starts above a line at the base of the neck, and pins it to the top of the head. "You wear a bubble because it's free, you want to make it more voluminous?"

with staring gray-green eyes (all Mr. Kenneth's assistants are smaller than he is), watches with emotion that are not to be falsified by an outsider.

"Do you approve of shampooing with the sort of body-die, shampooing used here?"

"I don't think your hair's so bad."

Ladies are now arriving to meet appointments for which Mr. Kenneth is already late—he considers it as tradition, so an on-line timetable is a fuzzy water. The second customer has finished shampoo (Mr. Kenneth works with clean, wet hair), and is seated in the chair in the next area. In a posture of reluctance, he steps to her side and pushes the door somewhat higher, then returns to his first.

"Now," he says, "you're going to need it this way," and he runs her hand over her head from right to left.

"I always wash it the other way. Is that because that's the way my mother did it?"

on is a regular customer, a lady in her thirties with light streaks and pale blue eyes, not in the least nervous. She greets him with, "How was your trip?"

"Annoyed the world? Very wild. All those airplanes. Wanting to get into the planes."

Mr. Kenneth methodically, again, cuts hair, giving up, taking a few hairs at a time, getting the hair straight. Another of the young men comes in, and Mr. Kenneth speaks to him.

"Did you get to Theatre on time?"

"Yes, just barely. I showed her one of your hairdresses—the one in Glamour."

"With the hair coming into the eye?"

"Yes, Mr. Kenneth. The funny picture?"

"Yes, she thought you'd be finished because the 'hug'."

"Funny, that's the way she wears her hair. Remember that she can't see it."

Yet another, an older woman, with a striking lady who could be either a model or a money belle, and turns out to be

The model, who has been examining her straight black hair and everything else about herself in a mirror in the past hour, says to Mr. Kenneth, "Did you say it looks messy?"

Mr. Kenneth pauses to turn a just-released lock of hair from the head of her older customer, then, under critical, implicit, "No, I didn't say that. I didn't say that at all. I said, 'a major undertaking.' Because we don't have time for that."

"Miss Dacke wheedles." "Miss Preston himself."

"Do it in hair," says Mr. Kenneth. "Do either one at a time or do it and have it set look right."

"Of course," says Miss Dacke softly. "Do it in two different hairs," says Mr. Kenneth brightly, rolling the hair of the customer to examine its appearance with somewhat more body. Miss Dacke and the model disappear.

"So, Miss Preston, the way you did your hair last time, it was such a mistake."

BEDDING DOWN IN THE COLONIES

A Report from the Field

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

W^{HILE} WAITMAN, that enduring old character, was fond of addressing the Women of America in typical terms to the effect that he would appreciate them and with him many would. The welcoming, like so many emanating from America, was more observed in the general than in the particular. Waitman's taste was for a street-car driver named Ivya. Wearing his work-a-pot cap, a la George Reed, he would stroll in Ivya's vicinity to and from the limousine, looped up by the hope that on the last trip, just before the car turned into the depot for the night, he might be the only passenger, and enjoy a delicious tête-à-tête with his beloved. On such occasions, one recognizes the Women of America more about from his mouth. It was when he was working over *Leaves of Grass*, rather than when he was riding in Peck's limousine, that her thoughts turned to them and their representation.

There is a serious symbolic significance in this drooping between word and deed in a part who specialized in glorifying American male virility. A like dignity impressed itself upon a seasoned French professional lady of my acquaintance after a series of intimate encounters with G.I.'s soon after they had liberated her in 1945. They were, she said, putting on one of those dead grins with which such ladies accompany any reference to inadequacy in sexual performance, *un grande déception*. Being a tremendous sentimentalist, she exhibited this, not in any delivery in the G.I.'s themselves, but in a look of exasperation or even disappointment on the part of their wives, sweethearts and mistresses at home. Certain romantic, if not inflexible, attitudes, she felt, had been allowed to persist in them which should have been firmly stamped out by their wars and their sons. They were, in other words, too respectably disposed toward femininity as such to make satisfactory lovers. Modernity was not born, and who, anyone, wanted to listen to a lot of talk about folk back home, and to be shown snapshots of a girl, sensuously attired and clutching a rolled diploma, who had just been awarded a degree in geography? Why, she went on indignantly, a man from Kansas City is the Dental Corps had actually proposed marriage to her. How measured her go.

There can be no question but that this class of American women as depicted the material prosperity of their male escorts in widely presented in Europe. Like all such generalization, it is, of course,

an oversimplification. All the same, there is something in it. Doubtless it derives from the paucity of American, male as well as female, to defeat the formidable process of growing old. The process of happiness, which as Americans esteem they are obliged to undertake, tends to involve them in trying to perpetuate the mood, tones and episodes of youth. It is their duty as well as their pleasure to create a *Grecian* Utopia, in which lovers are forever young and in the spring, and their embrocus farmer a new endorsement. I remember once knocking with Mary McCloud, one of the most delightful and winning American women I know, and mentioning casually that, as it happened, that day was my fifty-eighth birthday. A dreadful hush descended. It was as though I had said that I had just been told I had long cancer. The appalling misfortune of being fifty-eight hung like a cloud over the rest of our business.

American women seem always to be trying either to be younger than they are or older. These are precisely no mature ones out, as the French so delicately put it, "à certain âge"; nothing between any modicum and mistress and old crone. They battle us with the aid of false, hairdolls, and belts, plastic surgery, and all the other arts and crafts of the side to beauty, until, quite suddenly, they give up the unequal struggle, and take to a rocking chair. One is invited to witness their youthfulness as their limousine anticipates, never their assumed maturity. There is spring and winter, but the sun and yellow leaf are missed out. In those limousine advertisements in which four smiling gentlemen are shown, you see a teenage, a young mother and a slightly older-looking gentleman, all three permed and powdered and tanned, and then, in evenly even, an old, old, gray-haired, "winded, bent, heavily decrepit, decrepit a girl." A representation of the late thirties and early forties and an equally spirited one of the late twenties and early thirties, there is a missing link. An adorable Russian lady, whose friendship I cherish, found herself in late middle age the wife of an ambassador. Being somewhat short-sighted, she appeared in a diplomatic reception with shoes which obviously belonged to different pairs. When her attention was politely drawn to this circumstance, she said: "The lady and I'm old. So it doesn't matter." I doubt if the late model pair would have recommended that particular way out of her social dilemma.



"Who was that lady I saw you with tomorrow night?"

My own acquaintance with the American female began many years ago in India. I was invited to stay with some hospitable and congenial American missionaries in a remote part of Madras. It was a delightful spot, hot and green, with the jungle all around, over which the sun rose hotly and set maddily. My hosts had a daughter of about my own age to whom I was instantly attracted. She had flowers her color in the then-fashionable look, a slim and sprightly figure, a fresh complexion, and the supple ways of a college-trained American girl who was more used to male company than her English counterpart. I said but too truthfully, and I think I can say without being reminded that she, too, wanted to be company. At the same time, as our intimacy developed, I had a serious sense of inadequacy and jealousy. It was as though I were performing her in a dress whose steps I did not know. Her self-possession made my own lack of it the more evident.

One day, however, I took an Indian look-alike for a drive in a horse and buggy, as those few-of-a-kind the only available vehicle in an Indian station. We sat side by side, riding along on the buggy's two large wheels. She held the reins, but, like a horse, a mule, an underbushy animal, required little attention or direction. The road led through the jungle, and soon we were quite alone, with, swinging up ahead us, all the multitudinous noises that emerge in the Indian countryside when night falls. In a little while the stars would be out, and soft warm breezes would begin to blow. It was the exquisite moment of peace between the glare and shape of day and the velvet night, which makes your heart stand still with a kind of wretched delight. We'd growled for assistance for some weeks formed in my mind. I looked sideways at her, cool and at ease, the stars twinkling in her hands, and confidently expecting an approving gesture of male dominance to the charms of her femininity. She a resident who knew that when she drops her hair and catches her head, turned upon round of applause will be forthcoming. Unhappily, and with a kind of desperation, I embarked upon a dissertation on Indian education (I was then teaching at an Indian college), which technique by and technique continued until we arrived back at her parents' bungalow. The evening was contrasted in the morning the same. I sat in a room with her again.

Subsequent thought and more expert relations with American women have only served to confirm this first impression. The American Aphrodite (except when she is of Jewish or Negro extraction, where too much and robust to be possessed, passionate and self-wrapped in the modest manner in a and westerner. Consequently, in a third class, all of whose movements and gestures are prearranged, and must be exactly followed. An automobile's steering column provides a simple visual check, as the dashboard's quiet glow, many a merry message in a dance, with hand lenses, clock and other instruments dutifully and admirably concentrated. Background music in the food of love, and others in, and nothing really in the refrigerator at a case of delicious red hair to reward the debauched animal in due course with well-deserved refreshment. Everything is provided for Nature itself is available in the drive-in window in all the glory of red color and white noise. What more pleasant means for twenty decorated leaders to meet, swap and compare?

My next encounter with the American female came on board ship, on my way back to England. She was called, if my memory does not mislead me, Curly—a tall, slovenly, jovial girl, who wore trousers, smudged goggles, and had on her feet white socks and heavy boots. All night in these things, were emotional irregular, if not downright lewd. Disappearing looks told in her direction only awakened her to me the more. We decided to sit up and watch the coupling moments of Rimbaud, which we were due to pass in the small hours of the morning. Rimbaud protested as I saw that there drove down together, from the side sight on. While we

bodies, in the past. Dorian's apt phrase, separated them, Curly suddenly diverged, and, muttering something about "ye ha," made off to her cabin. The significance of the words only dawned on me slowly. At it did, they had, I must admit, a suddenly reprehensible effort. When she returned, she assumed a stony look of the systematic character of a nurse's belt rather than of two young girls frolicking in a paddock. They were motionless. It was a relief when Rimbaud looked up, including us to transfer our attention from our own to his responses.

This severely practical and hygienic attitude to sexual indulgence was also, as I later discovered, typical enough. Like a deep-frozen, brain-frozen, cellulose-wrapped wing of chicken, American women tend to be more appearing to the sight than to the taste. There is something inviolate about their seemingly stoned faces, as well as their rigidly upright, well-mannered, and efficient. Even in private and free-lance cases, as in their very looks and features, summoning them against the serpent's wiles and the fruit of the forbidden Tree. They live in their own Garden of Eden—Eden who know so full. Instead of shyly recommending to their Adam a bite of that delicious Apple, they put them knowingly to work taking children and wheeling prams. It is fanciful to detect a certain contempt in their attitude to husbands and lovers who too readily and uncomplainingly accept their awarded. Like all successful companies, it would seem to me, the American marriage is afflicted with infamy. They want their male work, in brief, but in reducing their husbands they have destroyed all possibility of rebellion. The very completeness of their triumph causes its emptiness.

That may well explain the truly extraordinary propensity of Americans to matrimony. Johnson will define a second marriage as the triumph of hope over experience. To his realistic eighteenth-century mind, an admission of this hope to a third, fourth, or, in the case of an indomitable matron-monger like Mr. Tenney Macville, a twentieth century, would have seemed incredible. Not so Americans. They step out of the divorce court and into the confetti over with the same white confidence that this time it is "for keeps." They agree to be hidden rather than seen. If their "hired" status cannot be sustained in the married state, they grow sally and irritable and, should the opportunity offer, are prone to have another go, and then another. As a monument of thirty-five years' standing, it has always seemed to me that to change one's wife is as foolish as changing one's hair. If one is able to have another go, as to change one's shape. If one cannot live with one's wife, it is extremely improbable that one will be able to live with another. The American system of taking in new wives is not a part of matrimony for a new model her, I should have thought, all the hazards and strains of matrimony with none of the compensations offered by a continuing sexual relationship, which, as the pain pass and passion cool, becomes ever more of a nuisance, a little sharing, as it were, in the jungle of this world, which one be planted, loaded and expected like a prize. Adultery without sin is surely as common as its without adultery: a bloody literary with the words mixed out. If Cassanova had had all the tools of his choice to the door, his famous Memoire would have lacked most of their popularity. Probably, rather, he would have been too ashamed to write them at all.

It is not for nothing, after all, that the word ritual of strip-tease originated in America. Its practitioners are also on a pedestal, and the happy males make round them, with a grotesque, but never lacking, as men or bold males in tastelessly displayed only to be ruthlessly withdrawn. What will posterity make of this curious exotic gesture? Imagine our civilization, as it may be, totally destroyed, and when the survivors have patiently, through centuries, reconstructed America, what would (Continued on page 122)





To muse is to meditate, ponder, loiter, trifle and reflect. A muse is the inspiration for all



this. Miss Gillian Bunn, above, truly a muse to muse upon. Quite a muse, we find, this muse.

THE POLITICAL WOMAN:

TWO PHASES

The Homesteaders

by Frances Larabee

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 1, 1962
Dearest, dearest Bob:

I have a piece of the most wonderful, exciting news to tell you — Fred and I are moving to Washington, we hope in September.

Fred's been appointed to an important job in the Administration, which we can't tell you about yet because it's still "top secret." He's been drags to join the New Frontier even since the inauguration (perhaps you have been asked by Citizens for Kennedy not to join, and finally last week he got a telegram from Bob).

Steve, of course, is busy to wind up his business—the first business policy meeting we bought a couple of years ago. It'll be so grand to see you, it seems incredible that we were roommates through all those years in college, and hardly know the names of each other's children.

Every now and then I send your name in some places, depending on a "personal Washington business." I tell Fred it's impossible—not Bob, of the stacking-with-rats and the hole-in-the-south!

Please send me some sign on life in the Nation's Capital . . . where we should buy a house, and the children to school, and so on. Do you know I've never even seen Washington, except to look at the obnoxious Mammoths when I was twelve?

Love and lots of love and anticipation,
Molly

Washington, D. C., June 15, 1962
Molly darling:

Ray and I are thrilled about Fred's job—and, of course, thrilled that you're coming here to live. Since he is the further business, will be the Secretary of Agriculture? You must love me enough to tell me what it is—this is the sort of news we have to keep all the time in Washington.

Patricia too for not writing sooner, but Jane is mad as hell about here, what with everyone having one last fling to wind up the season. We had a party last

night that was as typical I wish you'd been here—the French Ambassador, who's a diva, and a couple of Senators, and the Stephen Beahm. (You'll have to introduce us to Dobby and Ethel, somehow or other, we never seem to see you there.) I've sent a photographer, but I certainly hope they won't print any pictures—I get as tired of being called a "bitch"!

Molly, dear, the thing for you to do is come for a visit soon, and then I can tell you all the ins and outs of this town. Where you should live is, actually, Georgetown. It's not only "gayest" and "jetset" and that sort of thing—it's convenient! When it rains, you don't even have to miss your dinner party, because the classes are in Georgetown's neighborhood. And you can walk to the Dean's House's dress shop, and to the best bookstore, and so on.

Love from us both, and a big kiss and congratulations for Fred,

Bob

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 30, 1962
Dearest Bob:

It isn't that I don't trust you, dear—as a matter of fact I don't want to tell you about Fred's job, because it was the President's own idea, and it may stir things up a good deal when it's announced. But he absolutely made me promise, so that's that. However, he's not going to be Secretary of Agriculture.

I can't come East just yet because Fred's folks are putting my youngest, and Mother Walter can't manage the children the way she used to be able to do would you send me the name of a good real-estate agent who can put an "executive" in a house in the city, but what about the school situation? I've told that the same in Maryland and Virginia are among the best in the country in this town.

Give my love to Mary Rosalie Walter when you see her next, and tell her I'm dying to catch (Continued on page 127)

From the far reaches of the Pacific where Queen Salote Tupua rules the one hundred fifty islands of the Kingdom of Tonga and Prime Minister Mrs. Sirinewerua Fiamonema presides the government of Ceylon, to the very chambers of the U.S. Senate (where the club's only female members, Republican Margaret Chase Smith of Maine and Democratic Margaret Neuhart of Oregon, have recently captured and divided between themselves "the choice two-room suite on the front of the Capitol"), women are steadily increasing political strength. Unlike the early Feminists, the new women are not merely passing their ideas through organizations of their own (in technique of female political warfare to outmoded one as The Little Women and the Longfellow), but are coming from within existing political parties, pressure groups, and governments.

So far the only government to recognize and take action against the inferior female there has been the Soviet Union, which designated Yelena A. Parteneva from the Soviet Presidium, its Minister of Culture, thus putting that body of its only woman member. According to Harrison Salisbury's account of what followed the purge, "Mrs. Parteneva was ill, not recognized in public after several weeks, having received, it was said, a bouquet of roses and a note of sympathy from the President." Feminologists were quick to grasp the significance of this gesture, for it well-known that red roses were the symbol of the anti-suffrage movement in the U.S. (If Mrs. Parteneva had received a bouquet of yellow jessamine, symbol of the suffragettes, it would have indicated that her purpose was not based on anti-Feminist grounds.)

The authority of democracy is slower to react to threats of subversion, and no action at all has been taken in the U.S. against the menace of Internal Fascism. Although women hold only nominal seats in the House of Representa-

tives and two in the Senate (the high rank of famous congressional power, set in the last Congress and matched in the present one), they are moving into key governmental policy posts.

The rise of William Wendell Lockwood to Deputy Assistant Secretary of State (highest position ever held by a woman in that department) provides a revealing case study of female infiltration of high government circles. According to *The New York Times* account of Mrs. Lockwood's career, "In 1955 she began hanging around Democratic National headquarters. By 1958 she was in the Democratic National Finance Committee." (You let them hang around the room, the next time you have they're running the cork runner.) When asked what a woman needs to succeed in politics, Mrs. Lockwood answered, "A natural drive to get things done and an understanding husband." The *Times* captioned that Mrs. Lockwood's husband, a Washington investment counselor, "looks at his wife's political enthusiasm."

Mrs. Herman Sanders, a former congressional candidate from the State of New York (once refused from the ladies' berth), explained in her disarming book, *The Only Red Fish that men women political leaders* . . . are, in general, blessed with supremely cooperative husbands—cheerful masters of phrases, warmers-up of votes, and purveyors of guest phone calls. "But not all political husbands are feminine enough to be entrusted with such tasks, and some are left with the feeling of Stephen Leacock when his wife became president of the local political organization: "Once Ethel made a few speeches and took over as president of the Beverly Hills Democratic club, I was just underfoot."

Efforts are being made, however, to feed little details for the men to perform that will be useful to political women as well as inside-looking for the husbands. An admirable step in this direc-

The Outriders

By Dan Wakefield



time at the grain-store level have been made by the League of Women Voters, with their use of "league husbands." It has been reported that a "league husband" is usually cooperative and always much appreciated, so there isn't by legitimizing while voters are out on league husbands."

Such trends are developments throughout the nation, but nowhere have they reached such advanced stages as in New York City, traditionally the spawning ground of questionable ideologies. There we may take a close look at the most successful exponent of the new political phenomenon, known popularly as "The Democratic Reform Movement" and officially as "The New York Committee to Elect Democratic Voters." Although some of the present reform clubs existed before, the city-wide establishment of the movement occurred in 1968 (with the formation of the CDF in the following year), and that time the power of the ladies has joined with the power of the movement to create a whole new style in lady politics. The reform women have organized and in many places taken over the most important levers of influence in the club—the chairman. Not only is there sought of members (most reform clubs have nearly fifty-fifty male-female membership) but in matters of power and policy the ladies have asserted primacy, establishing the "ladies auxiliary," instating "Women's Division" activities of their party, enabling all clubhouse presidents (The Riverside Democratic reform club has already had two women presidents, owing to power in club operations comes from the women's division policy-making in women's chairwomen of the Reform Council of District Leaders). There are only indications of the various of the revolution, however, and its deeper meaning was made clear in the following year, when the issue of the lady influence was explored in me, taking a hearty swing from her own of her. "In the reform movement," she the women who have

Before meeting me in my office among the most ladies of reform, it will be necessary of ladies to explore to certain something of the New York City reform movement as a whole. Its political achievement may be summarized as follows: For nearly eight years the reformers suffered under a major, Robert F. Wagner, who was the choice of Cuernese DeBake and the old bosses of Tammany Hall. Finally, last fall, the reformers were able to elect a reformer to the Tammany house and put into office their own candidate for mayor, he was Robert F. Wagner. The politics of reform are highly complicated.

Reformers are not only policy advisors, many of them were of that class which was addressed by a full-page newspaper ad in The New York Times protesting a longshoreman going into a prison and supply center leading against a civilian prison, and saying, "In the city children they told you about at Birmingham." Limited Laborer Conference? No, it wasn't. So they bought The Times, hired a lady editor, and went into politics.

Good (Mrs. Kenneth) Graham, a former president of the Village Independent Democrats and now a Democratic District Leader (a somewhat vague position of power in party reform, similar to the old "ward boss," in other words, in the New York City reform movement, is a lady who is elected by herself and decided not to. But as far as work around the club, she did more than the men—I once took down results in election districts and found that women district captains did much better than men. Some of them were even old ladies who had the district in the palm of their hands."

The Tammany women had their rewards too, but they were different, more simple and more of fulfillment sought by the reformer.

"Our ladies were mostly married or widows," Mr. Luff said. "We put them jobs as election inspectors, or serving school lunches, or working as census takers for schoolchildren at lunch. In some cases, they needed the job, and whoever we did about party was all right with them. They had great personal loyalty to the party and the ladies."

The Tammany women also worked very hard, but they usually worked within the ladies' coalition of the club and kept out of the male-dominated realm that they respected as the rightful province of the men. Though this secondary role was regarded by reformers as another instance of Tammany sexism, the philosophy of it was a good and realistic heritage in our national history. Thomas Jefferson once wrote "We can state a pure democracy, there would not be excluded from our deliberations." It didn't, until arrived at years of disunity in the 19th century. The reformers of women who control and protection of growth and vulnerability of women, could not put prominently in gatherings of men. "I think it is doubtful that the Tammany ladies were acting in defense of Jeffersonian prin-

ciples, many of them didn't want the political integration of the sexes. Such at least was the case in the James A. Farley club, an East Side Tammany bastion which fell from neighborhood Democratic leadership in the women reform movement (it has since recognized and changed its name—its better appeal to the new reform sentiment of city voters —to "The East of Third Civic League").

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Clandestine Clara



PHOEBE FORGIVENESS



MADE AMERICA GREAT

Instinct Isobel



I thought it was kind of funny, after we'd been having a while, that they didn't put anything on the alley just to see right. The place got pretty crowded and filled up way down the block, but the one right next to us stayed empty. "Damn they mustn't be at recess yet, but this is sort of neighborhood place and you don't see that sort of thing very often."

Well I didn't think anything much about it until I happened to notice it to Betty and she right away started to fiddle with her ring and look at it with a frown. And you and Charley stood. "Oh, well, Char, they're probably got it held for somebody, you know, some people are suspicious about an ally member or something, or maybe somebody called up right after we made it..."

"All right, for tonight's sake," I said. "It's not a big thing on my life."

So then I began to figure it. I didn't say anything—we were with my buddy Bill Higginson and his wife—but I knew that someone Wayne knew with the way he ran the alley, and right then I was a bit sick, maybe that pretty soon Wayne'd be on their alley. Not that I could I might get some laughs out of watching my wife make a fool of herself, and maybe if I was lucky I might even get a chance to take a punch at the something.

Wayne's that big lumbered construction firm, even—although he ain't any bigger than I am, and maybe not quite as big—lives over a couple blocks from us. His wife does a whole lot. We used to meet him there people and sit up at the Hendersons on a Saturday night. And when a while Betty, who's a natural blonde and sort of pretty, said, if she's not the sweetest girl in the world—Betty got to dancing with him and talking to him at these places, and turning her way around her finger and looking away from me and putting me in her head off every time he'd come near I'd remember his name. Well, Betty's no great prize after thirteen years, but she's supposed to be your wife, after all, and it makes you sore. And I heard our oldest and youngest in her other words—Betty's got a lot more than us but to see the two girls are happy—"Oh but I don't see, no, in why you figure all the time to be down in the rain—you did that one day last week. I don't see how you stand it when it rains." And construction guys don't work on days when it rains. You figure it out.

So it really wasn't any surprise, or any great disappointment either, when old Wayne comes in with these other two guys and two blonde and comes over to the open alley. Betty saw him come in and pretended not to be and started talking a mile a minute about how lucky she was to have the same old kid, which really wasn't much of a secret. I probably had to turn her around as she said my hello to them.

Wayne's one of these guys who gets all the time. "Wyn, Charley, old buddy?" he says to me, everybody else calls me Char. "And Charley, lovely wife!" Wyn, Betty, my beauty! Charley, I thought you folks might be up here, so I told Red to come as an ally next to you. You come in?" His arms right out with it, you see—which is pretty smart,

I guess, at that. It's not his fault Betty starts jumping around every time she sees him.

He says hello to Bill and his wife—Bill and his wife look at them two good. Betty's my beauty and I sometimes think he catches on to some of this stuff—and we're introduced around. This handsome-headed guy and the two blonde I'd sort of seen around the Hendersons, but the third guy's new to me. He's taller than me and some lighter-colored shirt, just a good basketball forward's build—and he looks a little better than the rest of us on the alley, maybe that's why. And to tell you the truth he looks a little sweeter, and that he don't look like a regular-tough guy, but he's got this high forehead and new cut and the glasses, I wondered a little bit when he was doing something with Wayne, to tell you the truth. He shook hands good and strong and said so with this little smile—pleasant enough, I didn't mean that, but holding back some. Betty says, "A pleasure," the way she does, and he gives this little bow of his head and the smile—nothing you would just your finger on, but I got the feeling, the way he looked at her, he'd just started enjoying about her. It took me sixteen years to find out. It gave me the creeps a little, you don't like these new guys around, or at least I don't. But he didn't say anything you would expect. He didn't hardly say anything at all.

Not that there was anything you'd call a noticeable silence, not with old Wayne around. He was saying things like, "Now we all know and love each other, let's get this little party all together." He was sort of leaning against the alley looking reformed, looking I'd guess like a good guy, and old Betty, the Academy Award winner, she was watching them with her forehead all wrinkled up. That's the way Wayne'd work, you see. As for Betty, Betty off her back and looked at us at the same time (maybe to tell you the same thing) as I guess she was looking at the other guy. He knows on this girl and looks down at her score sheet, where was looking up our first game, and whistles and head and says, "Wyn good, Charley?" Actually I wasn't much over my average. "Yes, now," he says, nodding once and starts to the whole crowd. "It's always a real surprise to me—I really mean it—the way Charley gets around and beats and everything with that big of him. It really makes you think, that's a man you could over!"

Now my buddy this time when he says makes me feel, and he tries to say something like, "Oh, Char's got it! Anything you need to give say thought to?" But nobody knows him, they're all admiring Wayne for being impressed. Except the old guy, who don't act as though he's paying any attention, he looks off down the alley.

So I don't say anything. I just look at Wayne and give him this lightest-up smile, like it was George Bell and even though him like a book. But it sounds silly. But I've learned I get off just up when I try to say anything in a sport like that, so I'm better off in looking and see. The thing Betty used to go for that, although she don't seem so impressed anymore. And, saying, I was feeling a little like George Bell, too—I mean I did see through the beard, which was an advantage,

and I still wasn't too unhappy, I figure the evening's young. But this guy still never makes me any happier.

I have an awful lot. The thing was, I need to see this picture I had a half-century or so, and we were making out pretty good and I was figuring more we could move out of the problems, move neighborhood and get one of these little places out in Garden City or Shermans or one of these places. With our two girls we could get along with two bedrooms—Char knows we have been for long enough—and at least you'd have some place and you wouldn't be scared to have the girls out on the street at night.

So maybe one night the dressing room he'd been down, and I came out my partner, the funny business, he wasn't but some other way out of the place to buy on a new jacketing. If he don't care—he's got so many businesses he gets outside as driving around from one to the other. He's got a lot of the bowling alley was an, matter of fact—don't know why he'd let it go, you know, Char. It's a good reminder me a little of the old guy came in with Wayne.

And when the picture comes down Betty comes and cries and carries on for a while, and then when she comes down she decides it's time I got some something to do where I don't have to be working the crowd under my circle all the time. So I got a job making one. I mean, it's that finance company and they call me a clerk some, but most of what I do is go around these tough districts at night with master keys and drive off these new houses' best part. And one night some detective got me out with a gun. It's all the same and blows my leg right off me—I mean, it wasn't quite that, but they had to cut it off.

So now I'm when I was fifteen years ago, except for one less leg. I'm sitting under one in some place, and I'm talking to the fellow across home. I guess he's a good one and he's a good one. I guess the heavy look. But I was damned if I was going to let that leg get me down. I fiddled around till I could do something about as well as I could, and some things like feeling. I'm probably even a little better at it. And Betty got along all right for a while—she didn't even get to get some queer kind of look out of me taking my leg off at night. For a while. But then Betty said I like the old is a lot of ways anymore.

But right then the thing was, I wanted to see something after the Wayne character, and—I don't—don't wanted to get those blonde looking at me instead of her. So I took this twenty-dollar bill off my roll—there was too much, but what the hell—and I started strutting it and whipping it over my head, right in front of his eye and face and the referee's. "Yeah, I proved pretty good," I said, still using George Bell. "Good over, for Char's sake."

"What you got in mind, Charley boy?" he says. "You going to buy me an old dress?" "I'm better off in looking and see," I said. "I got this much say I was proved," I said. "Put on your shoes and me and Bill here I proved over you and your buddy?"

Ever since then I have to look up as you and

down the street for something, double, instead of just bowing Wayne myself. On the average I go a little better than Wayne, but I know I could depend on Bill, he's a modern, any time he goes under still got to get to figure his work, and I figured he had to be at least as good as either of these guys with Wayne. And besides, double seemed a little less serious—there's sort of a party going on, after all, and I didn't really want to challenge the guy in a fight. That could come later, if it had to.

The referee put off another pretty easy—I got a look out of the way also later in me. Old Betty looked at me a little different—she didn't quite know what I was up to, or maybe it was just the whole I'd picked out a smaller bill. So anyway I showed Wayne up for a second. I saw him look at my leg but he realized, about the time I started giving me the look, so he jumps up and says "All-right?" Great! Well, let's get some more pictures going here!" and like that. And then he picks off a twenty—4, my happy the fastest wouldn't, here one—and picks mine out of my hand and carries them over in both hands like he's carrying a gift-wrapped package and passes them down into Betty's hands, and says, "The Queen of the Ball can afford the prize," or something like that. These friends and Betty's with me spending and clapping their hands, and every guy in the crowd looks, that moment, face-wide-eyed, but they all of a sudden make me remember your look. Ah, wonderful, you can't win.

So we got separated. We picked some alley and the girl's bond on the other. We made the last money that each time, so Bill gave me his share—what I want make me feel a little better. Then I got a surprise. I figured Wayne's partner to be this square-headed guy—the looked like the kind of guy you see around postrooms and bowling alleys. He's round, and they don't even dance it, it's the other way with the other. He's a good one, he stands up without saying anything and takes a couple dives out of one of these fellows with the necktie on it and hands them over to Wayne.

There's all got their shoes on by the time and we turn to see which team'll get the last position, the old way and me. Right then I felt uncomfortable—the tough when I am lost, you know, stand there and look over the scene about and see how many you need and go out and get them.

So Bill square-head necktie over me then up on the bench to take my share. I was a good one, and me look—and the girls quit down, and me and Bill watch to see what we're up against when the call guy goes up there.

He doesn't fiddle around, just puts a couple of looks for weight and sets them down—like he can't see his hands. I figure he's about done with his own belt—and looks like the third one a couple of times and steps up with it. He's in a queer position on the runway, and I sort of scooped and then I blunder and now he was left-handed—I almost started to see what you left-hand scolded—doing something like knowing—about—me—well, he looked. He didn't even look over the ball like you see most guys do—just let it be, down along his leg, and put his foot when he wanted them without any shifting around, and started to walk.

THE SUMMER SPORTSMAN

A true sportsman would never be clean-shaven, not gun, racket or club, then dress contrary to the dictates of his sport. Hereafter, the classic stance, with enough news to keep the understatement up-to-date.

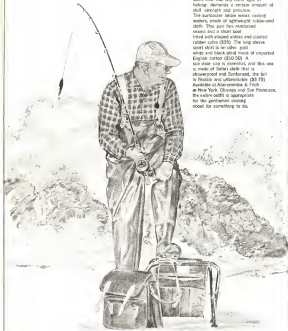
The polo player's outfit is a classic, made and sold by H. Kaufman & Sons, Suddenly New York: the shirt is a bright gold-cord knit (\$35), the white cotton half-breasted have a reinforced middle stripe (\$15.95). Will last for decades after decades. The entire outfit with belt is 100 percent wool (\$55), capris, soft-leath gloves (\$4.95) and boots (\$18). The white root belt makes a small, fast-moving target. But in one polo player says, "I don't mind. When I miss the ball I usually hit something else and like to not it will reply with a whining or a bellow." Enjoys the unimpaired vinyl helmet with foam rubber padding (\$24.75) and the leather-covered fluted rubber knee guards (\$32.95). With these, your chances are 50-50 to ride out the blow, retain your composure and enjoy in kind.



DRAWING BY ROBERT TIGER

Surfcasting, according to fresh water fishermen, is simply a matter of flipping cast's line over the breaker in order to catch the fish before they get washed up on shore. For a surfman to know the charge would be to deny it. Surfcasting is an exciting sport and, like any other type of fishing, demands a certain amount of skill, strength and presence.

The surfcaster below wears casting waders, made of lightweight rubberized cloth. The pair has reinforced knees and a short coat lined with shaped anoles and coated rubber soles (\$35). The long sleeve sport shirt is an olive-gold white and black plaid made of imported English cotton (\$10.95). A sun-visor cap is essential, and this one is made of Sateri cloth that is showerproof and Sunformable, the ball is flexible and ultra-resistant (\$3.75). Available at Abercrombie & Fitch in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, the entire outfit is appropriate for the gentleman looking about for something to do.



**New shirt,
new shoes:
the vest endures**

Troopleading it seems, originated as a precise exercise for shooting birds, but turned out to be such fun that it became a sport by itself. In spirit it isn't much different from actual hunting. The weapon is a shotgun, the flight of the clay pigeon simulates that of real birds, and now times out of his troopleaders' wear clothes that resemble hunting outfits.

Example: the gendacious below has an all-cotton plaid shirt in tones of red, red, brown, gold and white (\$10.50). His vest, lightweight cotton with a suede-like finish, has two large pockets for shells, a smaller chest pocket, red suede shoulder gun rest; it is waterproof and Sunbaked (\$13.50).

Trowsers of the same cloth mix plaidness with reinforced seat and knees (\$14.50). The boots are as comfortable as slippers, but are not lighter to keep out dirt. They are water-repellent, leather lined, and have Vibram rubber soles (\$23.50). His wife, and the lady's too, learn the mark of the huntman. Both are available at Abercrombie & Fitch in New York, Chicago, San Francisco.



**The V-neck,
revised edition**

It has been said there is a hierarchy of uncertainties in tennis. The paramount of confusion is the question who should jump over the net, winner or loser? A little simpler is the problem of how to play the game. One of the clearest issues of all has always been what to wear. The standard white uniform is a classic, but that doesn't mean a few changes wouldn't help.

The chairman's sweater, below, is a cardigan rather than pullover, and it does not have the sweater cable stitching. The band around the collar and on the pockets is a heavy silk knit, dyed in red. (Gino Pini imported it for Whitehouse & Hardy, New York and Detroit, for \$45).

The shirt, also by Pini, is cashmere, and the difference here is that instead of the usual polo-shirt style, it is a cardigan. The shirt, by itself, is \$13.95, and Arrol-Tin-Accelate with Kinnel finish. The off-white card complements the sweater. Everything else is standard. Speaking of standard, it is actually permissible for either man to jump over the net, but many consider the previous point.



**Alpaca and
English
cotton
for the
players**

When John Field brought golf over from England eighty years ago, he wore knickerbockers. They became the accepted golf fashion and hung on until the 1930's.

By then the game was played by such a wide variety of men that fashion trends began to branch out. Today, in fact, there is no one classic golf outfit.

The gentleman on the left wears a striped alpaca cardigan, knickerbockers with piping, rib-knit sleeve cuffs, a collarband in back, and side vents that buckle (\$45).

It is available at Ginko Fifth Avenue's Aikawa Sportswear Shop in New York, as are all these golfing clothes.

The waist slacks with short jackets are of tropical-weight 500-ginnet wool (\$31.50).

The olive linen top with a golf window and adjustable back strap costs \$4.

The glove, made of less standard equipment, has a tacky finish for steady grip (\$4.50).

The center golfer wears a bright yellow Ben Island cotton shirt. The rib-knit collar, sleeve cuffs and wristband, over it, is \$11.50.

The blue Decon- and wool slacks have pleats, angled pockets, matching belt (\$22.50).

His performance: graded drive with a bright collar, perfect hand, for \$5.

In the end, the choice is really up to the individual. Gene Simpson, for instance, still wears knickerbockers.



**Malher and
Vignola
for the
spectator**

The Grand Prix de Monaco sequentially is the world's most potent auto race. Though speeds average only 65 m.p.h., crashes are frequent, but minor. And the setting is elegant. In keeping with the theme, the spectator at far left wears a cotton Malher-cloth-Gard shirt; 44 mixed colors have a slightly stretched look typical of his handsome friend (\$50; available at Paul Bonick, N.Y.). The slacks are made of Creston Acrylic and wool, single-pleated, with a shimmering clostwood-weaved Grade by Japinet, at Weber & Holzkner in New York, \$22.90. Just as sporty is the fire-engine-red wool-sat cotton Vignola (sports right). The cloth is lightweight and cool, colored like a flower petal (jean at Lewis & Thorn, Saffa in Washington, D.C. for \$28.90). Both tunics reflect the exuberant spirit of the race, but defy into words by Robert Doring. "A race car burning in a roadside anywhere, but nowhere in existence when seen from the terrace of the Hotel de Paris with a drink in hand, the racing car appeared on a wall at the Casino, the driver watching too, sipping a Scotch and soda handed down from a palace on the terrace."



??



IBIZA:



There are Kaituma (top) and old-style city planning (middle) rising to the hotel-fuel Gendito. The experts meet, congregating at water front cafés (above, right) for wine and talk. Food (above) comes in from the farms on lower hills in Ruze, our boss well and drink low; unapologetically behind the colonial curtain of beads (right) is a mode that processes a



MAJORCA.

TRAVEL is often a fashion thing, and nowhere is that truer than in Europe. Places suddenly, sometimes almost overnight, become fashionable to go to and to be seen at, then the crowd-pleasers who chartered them move on to someplace else, but by that time they have become a popular resort, so nobody is too upset by their departure.

That's the way it was with various parts of Italy, and with Sicily, in Sicily. So it was, too, with Spain, and its island of Majorca, and with St. Tropez, in the South of France.

So it is right now with Greece, the hottest travel item in Europe, thanks to *Never On Sunday* and a couple of other films, word-of-mouth publicity about the Greek islands, and the long-overdue geographical discovery that Greece is only a couple of hours and \$35.00 farther away than Rome by economy-class jet.

But the Greek story is already well-known. (As a matter of fact, we covered it in these pages a little more than a year ago.) Now we'd like to turn you onto another travel trend, one new it hasn't really started yet. But it will, you may be sure of it.

This is the outline to the Speech which I made at home, in the Mediterranean. It was discovered a few years ago by a small group of painters, writers and musicians; it hasn't been ascribed by the American casual traveler as yet, though; and if you want to discover it, the passport, the first thing you'd better do is get out a map of the Mediterranean.

Thus, you'll find, in the third largest of the first Islamic islands in the western Mediterranean, heard by the Spanish coast and not so far from the shores of North Africa. (The other three of these Spanish islands are Majorca, Minorca and Formentera. Majorca was descended upon by the Americans twelve or about ten years ago; Minorca and Formentera are still for the future.)

Majores has been as well-developed, actually, that it made the discovery of these just about inevitable. Early visitors were drawn Majores-ward by the fine year-round climate, magnificent scenery, low prices, friendly hospitality of the people, and the off-hand feeling you get from being anonymous where there aren't a lot of other foreigners.

However, these early vigils spread

ST. TROPEZ.

the good and so miserably that they destroyed—or at least drained—the things that had sustained them to the point in the first place. Nothing could be done to spoil the climate or the scenery, of course, although waterfront cities weren't improved by the construction of seaside hotels. But prices rose with the influx of visitors, the people are still frantically enough, but naturally are no longer enchanted by the novelty of foreign foods and voices, and Mayors changed from an offbeat sort of island into one of the most popular resorts in Europe.

Then, though, is something else. As maybe its Majors all over again. At any rate, it's at the stage of Act I, Scene 1—the Early Procession—and the time couldn't be riper for your visit, if you're looking for a place that's off-road but not forlorn, undeveloped but not uncomfortable, picturesque but not pretentious, and—possibly most important—affordable but not dirty.

Here's the scene: A green, mottled, spider-thin-skinned serpent about twenty-five inches long and seven or eight inches wide coiled toward the water's rim, racing to a jagged, sun-battered rocky shore in the north and sloping along terraced hillsides to rolling fernlands and broad sand beaches in the south. Thick grass once grew in the hills, and it was for these places that the Phoenicians named the island about three thousand years ago, as did the following Carthaginians, Romans and Byzantines, each in their own language.

Almonds, olives, figs and orange trees and cactus border the farmlands spreading mostly with potatoes. The soil is a copper red, and the vegetation shows a fresh green in the bright sunshine, giving the landscape the same color scheme as the countryside of Hawaii. The scene is dotted with windmills and water wheels, the heritage of these centuries of Spanish occupation; as are the square or oblong plastered stone houses, whitewashed to a glaring brightness.

The peasant women are dressed in rope-embroidered sandals, black cotton stockings (which you can see them!), voluminous skirts, black blouses, black shawls worn over their heads and tied under their chins, hachimaki sashes, and topped by round, broad-brimmed straw hats.

IBIZA!

The men wear black berets or sunshades, rope-soled sandals and, in between, whatever shirt and pants they happen to have on hand. The people speak their own dialect of Catalan, and some of them are almost as uncomfortable as I am in English as you might be.

The population of the whole island totals no more than 40,000, of which about one third are concentrated in the capital town of Bona. The rest are scattered through three or four other small towns, half-a-dozen fishing or farming villages, and over the countryside.

The city's Old Town consists of an ancient Moorish town situated around a hilltop, surrounded and galloped and comprising one of the most perfectly preserved medieval cities in Europe, and on both the walls, a heterogeneous assemblage of houses, shops, sidewalk bars and cafes leading down to a host of fishing trawlers moored in the warmer harbor. The old walled part of town is a natural museum, and the residents are still allowed to use the narrow streets of the old town buildings. The narrow, cobblestoned streets are at least as picturesque and colorful as any North African cañon, but the old town of these walls is much more, better washed and fresh

There are traffic cops in Spain, but not traffic lights. Only about fifteen hundred cars, trucks and buses are registered in the island, more than half of them in the capital town. Many use ancient Hispanics, Mustangs, Mercedes-Benzes, and the rest are a sort of mix. In Spain, most of the country goes on, but Spanish-built versions of the Honda Civic. The rest of the so-called traffic is made up of two-wheeled cars, the motor-cars, and people on foot. From the busy streets on balconies, motorcycles or a foot.

The music—as you go down the gables the atmosphere is one of peace, quiet, calm, with one day pretty much like the rest, down through the years.

The sun shines brightly most of the time on Fome; it rains only about twenty days in an average year. The weather is just about perfect almost all the time. It can get fairly hot in midsummer, when the temperature climbs to about 82 degrees, and last February we were there on the coldest day of the winter. The sun shone brightly on the alpine blossoms, but the thermometer dropped down to

olution of a hot spot, the agent-guide makes the discovery, the tourist follows; as it was with Mayence and St. Tropez—we meet them. — by RICHARD JOSEPH

an eight-kilowatt 50-degrees Fahrenheit, and people walked around wrapped in mufflers and blankets (some even in bunnysuits), slowly burning a cold day.

All very well, but why the coming tourist boom? How is it that the poor results of the sandquads have already smugled down into the good life here?

Well, after the weather, and the peace and quiet of the place, there are the prices. This is one of the very few unspoiled spots left on earth (are there any others?) where you can live comfortably on just \$2 a month, and if you have \$25 you are *big* loaded!

Repay: You can rent an apartment in the old town for \$12 or \$13 a month, a seaside villa about a half-mile out of town for less than \$20, even during the height of the summer season. A whole house shouldn't cost you any more, and it will probably be even less if you take it on a year-round basis. A good dinner at most restaurants costs somewhere between fifty cents and a dollar, wine included.

The best Spanish brandy—all it's good—comes for a modest \$10 a shot in the ordinary store, or 100 cents in the supermarket. And, so you can get properly frayed for fifty cents, and a couple can have a very large evening of postcard pub crawling for a dollar or less.

Brandy costs no more than a cup of tea or coffee, but you can't get hurt very badly even if you have a drink of the expensive whiskey—just sixty cents a shot. But it seems a shame to pay these prices when you get a whole bottle of excellent Remy Martin for \$10.00.

Why do these come in two varieties, the cool (in beach) and the hot (in smogging)? Nobody could bother to buy the officially imported stuff, but you can get a few bottles of hot Johann Weller for \$3.75. Smogging, by the way, is one of Ohio's leading agricultural industries, and thanks to it, just about every body around American airports for which they pay to exercise of western courts a pack. They is supposed to be the source of much of Ohio's controlled, and other stuff is said to come from Guatemala. But people don't like to talk about smogging in Ohio. They don't

More prices: A haircut costs eighteen cents. Tip the barber another four pen-

[illegible][illegible]

Business is almost here, thoughtful women begin to be provided for a marketing program that in spite of all his protests to the contrary, that may result in what the American men want. Particularly children will be dependent and successful of dependence he is like nothing in much as the man who has having increased defense of women, run think of nothing better to do than go and talk in his room. It might surprise you to know how frequently and heavily

mean women complain of men's infidelity among themselves. If Americans men complain, I know they do. The idea that we are more faithful than other men, we have wonder dreams the foreign man who is given responsible being who say did just be overheard around men.

we discussed (what else?) American female. "Fuuu," he kept saying. "I feel like crap for them. So many like in them, so much to be

[illegible][illegible]

that, few women are really interested in sex as far as they are in "bread," and would prefer the compromise solution would support. Totalitarianism is a delusion, and we are victims of the many delusions. What is the truth about "Latin America?" It is very complex. Probably a much simpler proposition. (Ask any parent of a teen-ager which is the more likely.) We returned to Italy

direct ways in circumstances. If they ourselves are directly outside the lake who is the Communist agent appointed as it. We are strong and right, compared to rule, which is to say we are rational interests and without a sense of honor. Like cats we do not "bark" from without but only from necessity. It must be made clear as that bad behavior will not be rewarded. Otherwise, we will simply take advantage. We respond to strategic judgment and a kind of operative order. All qualities we tried to lack. Deprived of penalties, we will continue to make a man's life hell. Overpowered, we find both of our own.

[illegible]

women's behavior. One has only to attend to work's conditions on the island of Mobra, a Mobra, a place, a place of powerful tradition to women, to see the point. Women will always wonder if the man who says she is not of them is not good at the second part of the presentation, while the first will surely say: (Woolly) why not? would do well to study "Chambers' pre-arranged technique and its profound expenditures on the women's body, including genital

[illegible]

will tell me as fond as it did the (Sweden). But the people—this short her syndrome patients. The (about) out to be with by various from by—out languages to becom— a bewildering number of (often) seem to be eight months pregnant. One member who found these illnesses enough to get them that any Will what?

Psychiatrists seemed to be in left-handed theory that's wrong our parts in a sign of equal— with men. If so, some three thousand years of Chinese history are impossible to explain. A more in recent notes, however that they are simply moving into the entire life. If the above—man's (Greece)

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"Oh, my god! I said, 'Don't see you taking the subway, too!'"

He pulled my shoulder and moved closer to him to escape a strong breeze. "You bet," he said, his words burst over me and in my face as well. "I'll and you and of

The truth

about
Old Crow

We are surprised w
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"Oh, John," I cried as that car suddenly became possible once again we got out of the car.

We hugged one another by the blacked-out door. "Wing back, a be friended. 'Leave some like I said.'"



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Case.

Today's Old Crow. At its modern, it is still enough to enjoy on the trail with a little "Ancho."

The truth
about
Old Crow advertising

We are surprised whenever people write in to question our advertising. Specifically, they ask "is it true" that ANDREW JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, MARK TWAIN and others publicly favored Old Crow bourbon as we say they did?

Even when we provided the fact that Henry Clay made out to see James Owsen and personally ordered a barrel of Old Crow for his Washington home—some people asked about that, too! Let us simply say that probably the most thorough reading our advertising gets is from the various regulatory agencies—state and federal. We have documentation on every former person used. As a matter of fact, we have a standing record of 1980 to anyone who sends us documented information relating James Owsen of the 18th century to Old Crow.

And when we advertise that Old Crow tastes the best —there is evidence for that. The fact is, more people buy Old Crow than any other bourbon. In a free market, with many fine bourbons available at all prices, is this not convincing evidence that many people feel we are "the best"?

Try Kentucky's Old Crow. At its modern, light 86 proof, it's mild enough to enjoy on the rocks...or blended with a little "sneaky."



THINGS WENT MY HEART ON

"Help me in any way I can," I waving my hand over him. "Keep away, you degenerate!" and, trying to see him through the black smoke, "I'll have you arrested! Oh," I continued aloud, thinking of my missed appointment, "now I'll never see Mr. Glass's summer line!"

Abstracted from *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 1997, 36(12):1361-1368.

"Where, you?" I demanded, pushing away from a nearby old man who was apparently suffering from rickets in front of my very eyes. How did one know

ANYMORE

...the only way to get rid of them is by using **ANYMORE**...
ANYMORE is the only product that actually kills the lice and nits...
ANYMORE is the only product that is safe for the whole family...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a convenient, easy-to-use format...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of sizes...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of scents...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of colors...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of flavors...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of textures...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of shapes...
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FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE

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ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of shapes...

Portrait in Oils

...the only way to get rid of them is by using **ANYMORE**...
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ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of textures...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of shapes...



ENGINEERED IN ITALY For fast, accurate office use — in complete with machine setting up in five times as much

Desk Adding Machine for only \$9.95

Sturdy, Accurate, Instant-Totalling, Nine-Electric Machine With Spinning Gears and Positive-Action Trip Mechanism Adds Up To \$9,999,999.

Designed in Italy for fast, accurate office use — in complete with machine setting up in five times as much. The machine is a masterpiece of engineering, with a complex mechanical structure and a long paper tape emerging from the top. It is a true work of art, and a testament to the skill and craftsmanship of the Italian engineers who designed it. The machine is built to last, and is designed to be used in a variety of settings, from the home office to the large corporate environment. It is a true work of art, and a testament to the skill and craftsmanship of the Italian engineers who designed it.

36-DAY TRIPE-OUT-GUARANTEE
 Step 1: Buy a Desk Adding Machine. Step 2: Use it for 36 days. Step 3: If you don't like it, return it for a full refund.

Special with this coupon only \$9.95

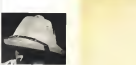
Plus \$1.00 for the Desk Adding Machine (New Price \$4.95)

36-DAY TRIPE-OUT-GUARANTEE

Step 1: Buy a Desk Adding Machine. Step 2: Use it for 36 days. Step 3: If you don't like it, return it for a full refund.

Talking Shop With Esquire

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FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE

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ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of shapes...



FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE

...the only way to get rid of them is by using **ANYMORE**...
ANYMORE is the only product that actually kills the lice and nits...
ANYMORE is the only product that is safe for the whole family...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a convenient, easy-to-use format...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of sizes...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of scents...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of colors...
ANYMORE is the only product that is available in a variety of flavors...
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LIGHTNESS

...the only way to get rid of them is by using **ANYMORE**...
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Your taste buds will tell you why
you'll feel better about smoking
with the taste of Kent!

KING-SIZE, REGULAR-SIZE OR CRUSH-PROOF BOX

***Your taste will become clear and alive,
because KENT with the MICRONITE filter
refines away harsh flavor...refines away hot taste
...makes the taste of a cigarette mild and kind!***

IMPORTANT

Get your taste buds back to normal. Try a carton of Kent without switching and see how Kent is kind-tasting to your taste buds, kind-tasting to your throat. Enjoy the wonderful taste of the world's finest quality tobaccos. Then try your old brand! What a difference in taste! You'll feel better about smoking with the taste of Kent.